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A MINISTRY OF TRANSITION.

OF course St. James's-street and Pall-mall are in a flutter. Brookes's is very angry with the Reform for turning it out of doors; and the Reform chuckles with an ill-dissembled and not altogether unpardonable malice at the discomfiture of Brookes's. The solid, steady-going old gentlemen of Boodle's gaze at the "PROTEUS of Toryism conducting his herd to graze on the unfamiliar Mountain of Radicalism," with something of the feelings of Pyrrha:—

Nova monstra questæ,
Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes.
Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis,
Et superjecto pavide natarunt
Aquore damæ.

They are astonished to perceive an old fish like Lord JOHN MANNERS paddling about among the elms where the dove-like Sir BENJAMIN lately cooed, and the timorous DISRAELI striking out into the deep waters of Liberalism. White's preserves its well-bred self-possession—not unmixed, however, with a general presentiment that the world at large, as viewed from its bay window, is going to the devil. The conflagration of the neighbouring consular mansion has struck terror into the souls of the young gentlemen who are good enough to transact our foreign affairs at the Travellers'. The Carlton alone has surrendered itself to unmitigated exultation, and has intoxicated itself with copious libations of Liberalism, like a gentleman who should drink himself into *delirium tremens* with black dose. In short, we have a real tempest in the tea-cup which lies between Berkeley-square and Charing-cross. This is all very intelligible, and perfectly excusable. Some half-million a year, payable quarterly, has been transferred from the banking accounts of one set of gentlemen to another; and the friends, relations, and dependents of one side are just as angry with the friends, relations, and dependents of the other, as one set of witnesses are with the other set of witnesses after the verdict in a law-suit. Spite, meanness, and scandal are for ever discovering recondite solutions of results which are matter of pure law or undisputed fact.

Indeed, it almost seems as if the end of the world—at least of the West-end of the world—was at hand. But though "everybody" is out of town—a phrase by which we have learnt to understand that select circle which monopolizes the attributes of humanity—the twenty or thirty millions of nobodies who have not come up for the season seem to have escaped, with a vulgar and brutal indifference, from the agitation by which we are all shaken. Whether the circumstance that God made the country and man made the town has anything to do with the inhuman frame of mind thus exhibited by the outside public, we shall not venture to decide. Certain it is that the terrible blow which has deprived so many highly connected Whig gentlemen of situations to which they had established an almost prescriptive title, has been received by the English people with an apathy which is little short of disgusting. Last year we were all shouting, at the top of our voices, "PALMERSTON for ever." But the proverb is, for once,

wrong. "For ever" is not a long time—in this case, at least, it means something under a twelvemonth. The popular favourite has been dethroned—of course, as before, by a "fortuitous concourse of atoms"—but in this particular instance the whole nation, by an unfortunate coincidence, has jumbled itself into the same side. The little whimper from Tiverton breaks ludicrously on the oppressive calm of the national silence. The Palmerstonians have been awaiting, in anxious expectation, a reaction which has not arrived. Like the gentleman in difficulties, who is always meeting with a disappointment in the City, the ex-Prime Minister is still looking for a remittance from the country, which does not turn up. We do not dispute the ingratitude of such conduct, but at least we can offer the consolatory reflection that it is not altogether unprecedented. We remember something like it in the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. That worthy magistrate, Mr. Nupkins, had picked up, no matter where, a distinguished gentleman named Captain Fitz-Marshall. "Charmed with his long list of aristocratic acquaintance, his extensive travel, and his fashionable demeanour, Mrs. Nupkins and Miss Nupkins had exhibited Captain Fitz-Marshall, and quoted Captain Fitz-Marshall, and hurled Captain Fitz-Marshall at the devoted heads of their circle of acquaintance." We all know how Captain Fitz-Marshall turned out to be nothing more than plain Alfred Jingle, and how very uncomfortable the Nupkinses felt on the discovery. We leave the *Times* to cry, with Miss Nupkins—"The idea of my being made such a fool of!" We will not even arrogate to ourselves the self-complacent and aggravating tone of the respectable Mrs. Nupkins, as she exclaimed—"How I have implored and begged your papa to inquire into the Captain's family connexions; how I have urged and entreated him to take some decisive step." We feel the full force of the argument, "How can we ever face the 'Porkenhams, the Griggs, or the Slumintowkners?' and on the whole, with the Nupkinses, we think the best thing we can do is to ignore our past acquaintance with Captain Fitz-Marshall.

The worst of these *malheureuses passions*, which are so agreeable while they last, but so embarrassing in their reminiscences, is that they never leave us just where they found us. The object of its affections having proved a deceiver of the very gayest description, the public is capable of making a match out of pique—it is in that condition in which it might almost marry a widow of doubtful antecedents. Indeed, when we have found out that virtue is not so very virtuous, we are not far from the discovery that probably vice is not so very vicious. We have learnt that white is not so white, and have almost begun to believe that black is not, after all, so black. With all the trusting credulity of cynicism, we have fled from the embraces of PALMERSTON into the arms of DERBY. For the present, at least, we admit we prefer the fire to the frying-pan—at all events, the leap through the air has been refreshing.

There are, indeed, many reasons why we should bear the ills we have, rather than return to others which we know too well. In the first place, it is something to have a Ministry on its good behaviour. A mother never spoils a child long without having cause to rue her folly, and England has suffered enough, for the present, for having placed an *enfant gâté* at the head of her affairs. It is something to have restored decency and decorum where insolence and levity had rollicked too long. We must do Mr. DISRAELI the justice to say that he pays the House of Commons the compliment of treating it like an assembly of gentlemen, instead of rating it like a pack of hounds. It is proverbially ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth, and we do not wish, therefore, to scrutinize too closely the motives which may have governed the patronage and appointments of the new Admini-

nistration. They have probably had the tact to perceive that the best rule they can follow is to act on a principle exactly the reverse of that pursued by their predecessors, and by themselves on former occasions. We hear of no CLANRICARDES, TOLLEMACHES, or HOWARDS. Jobbing has paused for an instant even in the War Office, and Dowb is cast on the wide, wide world without a protector, and must for the future depend on his own merits, which we have no doubt are sufficient to ensure his due promotion at the proper time. It is not necessary to inquire how this has come about. Those who remember the Dockyard Committee of 1853 may perhaps think that, if the Derbyites do what they ought, it is because they can't do what they would. But it is not well to pry too curiously into the motives of good actions. When a fine lady puts her five-pound note into the charity dish, we take the gratuity, and are thankful, without speculating whether the munificence of the right hand was intended to be altogether concealed from the left.

We are told that it is an unnatural hypocrisy on the part of the Tories to be so well-behaved as they are at present, and that it can't last. We think this highly probable, but when their good behaviour comes to an end, we shall know how to deal with them. For the present, we prefer the repentant sinner to that virtuous party which was "born good," but which somehow or other has contracted a taint not the less mischievous for not being original. If Lord DERBY chooses to imitate the son who said, "I go not," and yet went, he will be entitled to more consideration than Lord PALMERSTON, who always said, "I go," and never went at all. But then we are expected to be very much shocked at the immorality of a party which throws overboard all its principles and professions in order to stave off opposition. We certainly are not going to defend a policy which is neither honest nor courageous. Assuredly this is not the footing on which the Parliamentary Government of this country can be permanently conducted. Meanwhile, however, there are public advantages to be derived from this self-immolation of Derbyism which it is not desirable to overlook. The obstinate and obstructive opposition of a retrograde party had fortified itself in hiding-places from which it was not easy to drag it forth, and from which it could, from time to time, sally out to work a good deal of mischief. But the trap was baited with the lure of office, and the imprudent victim walked straight into the snare. When it attempts to return into its old haunts, it will find the earths stopped behind it, and the game will be run down in the open. Nothing but a Protectionist Government could ever have finally disposed of Protection, and Lord DERBY must be allowed time enough to destroy for ever what remains of Derbyism. Most Ministers come into power for the purpose of advancing the principles of their party—the peculiar function of the present PREMIER is to take office for the more complete annihilation of his own. This of course is a temporary work, but it is a necessary one. When Lord DERBY leaves office, Derbyism will have been extinguished by its own hand, and when it has once been buried in the cross-roads with a stake through it, we shall hear no more about it. The Liberal party may then resume the power which of right belongs to it, with fitting leaders and a disciplined army. To take the field before the plans are arranged and the force marshalled, would be to attempt an indecisive campaign when we might secure a certain conquest.

The rumours which are flying abroad of patching up premature combinations, and effecting hollow reconciliations, are weak and worthless. The question is not whether Lord John This can be induced to put a political extinguisher on himself for the advantage of Viscount That, or whether Sir James Somebody will or will not give place to Sir Charles Nobody. These, no doubt, are very grave and important matters for consideration. But there are questions still unsolved which are more grave and more important. The disorganization of the Liberal party is a great fact which is beyond the reach of the sagacious combinations even of reconciling Dukes or Right Honourable Busy-bodies; and Lord DERBY, we believe, is the only man who can really effect for the Liberal party the consolidation which it requires.

MAZZINI'S MANIFESTO.

SIGNOR MAZZINI has achieved a twofold success. It is not given to every man to commit a double suicide, but his career exhibits the rare spectacle of a man equally powerful to ruin himself by sword—or rather by talking about the sword—and by pen. Every insurrection in

which he has been engaged has turned out a godsend to Absolutism; and while affecting to defer to the national will of Italy, he shows, by his recent pamphlet on the Genoese outbreak of last June, that he has not the real sympathies of a single political section in the Peninsula. Italy has, in his opinion, but one duty—to create a Republic, one and indivisible; and because, in Sardinia at least—where, however, Italian liberty has won its most substantial triumph—there is no general Republican feeling in existence, Sardinia is the greatest foe to the Italian cause. It is therefore his especial duty to revolutionize that kingdom, because there, at least, his prospects of sympathy are entirely hopeless. This is his consolation for the past—his hope for the future. Either this is insanity or treason; and it is not surprising that Sardinia has come to the last conclusion, and has just condemned, by default, the Apostle of impossibility to death. It may be that the judgment pronounced against MAZZINI has been inspired by unworthy apprehensions on the part of certain authorities in Piedmont, but unquestionably there is much substantial justice in it. MAZZINI is a traitor, at least against Sardinia—not only against its extant State system, but against its convictions. He himself admits this. His pamphlet is a long bill of indictment against Sardinia, because that country does not contain a sincere and zealous section of Republicans. Running through all the enemies of his cherished vision of Republican Italy, his bitterest vial of wrath is reserved for constitutionalism. In the name of freedom on paper, he announces it to be his duty to conspire against freedom in fact. He seems to look with even more complacency on Vienna and Naples than on Turin, and METTERNICH is reserved for a cooler future than Count CAVOUR.

His argument—so to dignify a rhapsody—runs in this way. A Republican Italy is the only thing to live for, write for, and fight for. In Lombardy, and Rome, and Naples, it is quite useless to attempt insurrections, except by way of getting up occasional protests for the abstract theory of an Italian Republic, with the substantial results of hanging, shooting, and imprisoning, as a matter of course, a few hundred patriots now and then—just to prevent the old debt being lost by the statute of limitation. But Piedmont is the natural focus of rebellion. It is free, prosperous, and happy; and its freedom, prosperity, and happiness are just what it is called upon to abandon. It was only constitutionalized in order to become Republican, and to be the mother of Republics. True Italians are merely to regard Sardinia as their fulcrum with which to upset Austria and Naples. If she is well content with the liberty which she has achieved, she must be disabused of this glaring error, which is, in fact, downright treason to the sublime cause of the Italian Republic that is to be—the Italy one and undivided from the Alps to the sea. Sardinia, then, being the worst enemy of Italian freedom, must be revolutionized—she must be made to see her own interests. The freedom which she has achieved, and with which she is stupidly content, she must sacrifice on the altar of the Great Idea. She is but a "zone of Italy"—what right has she to her peace, her growing influence, her freedom of the press, her representative Chambers, her constitutional Ministry? It is no answer to say that Sardinia likes all this, and prospers under it. Zones have no rights at all. The zone has no right to an opinion, or to a conscience, because it is not a nationality. The zone may be a fact, but the Fact must bow to the Idea. This is Signor MAZZINI's justification of his recent attempt at a revolution in Genoa. It is simply because Sardinia has no sympathy whatever with the Italian Republic, that the Italian Republic must be inaugurated in Sardinia. To do him justice, he has no scruple in broadly announcing his monstrous paradox. His duty is "to force Piedmont into a better and nobler course." Sardinian constitutionalism he defines as "a dualism implanted between Piedmont and Italy, which, as the mortal disease of the nation," he proclaims it to be his mission "openly to combat and destroy." Recognising but "one Italy, the Italy of the Alps and the sea," he can only regard Piedmont as a blot "on the map of Europe." The conclusion is irresistible, that it must be destroyed. Here is the justification of the condemnation of MAZZINI. When it became a mere question whether he should destroy Sardinia, or Sardinia should destroy him, it is small wonder, as Sardinia gets the first lunge in this death combat, that it should have pronounced sentence of death against MAZZINI. He says, in so many words—"We seek to Italianize Piedmont." "Act"—that is, give all your men, money, and arms to the

sacred duty of revolutionizing all Italy, and go to war at once with France, Austria, and Naples; "Act, in God's name! and we will follow you—if not, we will act ourselves, and drag you into the arena in pursuit of that opportunity which you pretend to await." And this is the man who professes that he is nothing. He is but the offshootings of the earth. He is the mere impersonation of the Ideal. He is but the representative of the Voice of the Nationality. Being only the expression of conviction, it is his duty to force and compel conviction. And this is about the only substantial truth which Signor MAZZINI professes—that public Italian opinion is against him. Yet he does not profess it with sincerity. History contradicts him as to the fact that Italy ever was a political unity; and reason, if he were accessible to it, would assure him that it is not likely ever to become a Republican unity. The Peninsula never was a kingdom—it never was a Republic. Were the Republic of Italy installed to-morrow, it would be only a revival of the worst phase of Imperial Rome. For the first time in history, it would form a pure self-contained despotism. Turin and the Abruzzi have as much in common, and are about as homogeneous in political ideas, as Marylebone and the Malaya.

But Signor MAZZINI can read history, in a way of his own. He takes as his parallel the Socialist agitators in France. He says that they took the part of the people, and preached a new era of moral, material, and intellectual improvement. They conspired and fought with the people—they overthrew the Bourbon Monarchy in 1830—but the Moderates came into power, and forgot their principles and their promises. The parallel of Piedmont, as it is, is the Orleans rule of France. But MAZZINI does not pursue this parallel. He finds it convenient to forget that these very Socialists had their innings in 1848, and that their success is likely to be his success. What next? Why France, compelled by a terrible experience of the tender mercies of her friends, philosophers, and guides in power, exchanged their calm philanthropic and philosophic idea for the most iron despotism which Europe has ever seen; and she is, it seems just now, content with the exchange. The experiment of the France of the past is hardly encouraging for the Italy of the future. If the present Louis Philippism of Sardinia is to be dethroned for that Italian Socialism of which MAZZINI claims to be the prophet—"the apostle of the Church militant," as he expresses it—we have only to remember the lessons of the last decade of French history, and we may forecast in 1868 a LOUIS NAPOLEON in Rome. This, his solitary appeal to history, is not a fortunate one for M. MAZZINI.

It must be owned that he makes no secret of his Socialism. Neither State, nor city, nor individual has any personal or political rights—not even those of property—except as belonging to the common country of Republicanized Italy. "Whosoever the people desire to mobilize the material means for that intent, we will encourage them to do it as an holy act; this is the secret of the Genoese movement of June, 1857; whoever seeks to give it another name is a deceiver." Happily, Signor MAZZINI confutes himself. His assumption is, that all Italy is secretly burning and thirsting for the Republic one and undivided; but his pamphlet is a tirade against all the public men of Italy—all the statesmen and writers—as being Lukewarm, Immoral, mere Literati, Waiters upon Providence, the Dilettanti of Liberalism. He acknowledges that his cause is without men, money, arms, or political influence—that the ignorance and contentedness of those whom it is his duty to agitate present an insuperable obstacle to success. But he maintains that repeated failures are not of the smallest consequence—that the utter hopelessness of the cause is its highest political recommendation, and is indeed the only reason for a universal rising with which the mass of the people have no sympathy, and to which all the property, intelligence, and literature of the country are systematically opposed. CATILINE openly preaches his treason, because it is sure to fail. He summons his rabble to blood and fire, because it is certain that they will be victims. He encourages his visionary army of martyrs by pointing to them the inevitable scaffold; and he animates his followers to victory by an elaborate and convincing proof that they are sure to be defeated by the legions of Austria. Followers, did we say? Signor MAZZINI contrived not to accompany PISACANE to Naples. Whoever follows, we may be quite certain who

does not lead. And if, as he truly says, "neither the Austrians nor the King of NAPLES, nor the POPE can ever be driven out of Italy by protocols or memoranda," so it is equally certain that the Italian Republic will not be inaugurated by a shilling pamphlet published by Mr. HOLYOAKE, of Fleet-street. "Oh, Young Men, follow Me! follow my Cry of Action!" If this eloquent appeal is destined to bear fruit, we may expect an increase of the population of Leicester-square, and more work for Austrian executioners and Neapolitan jailers, but we need look for nothing else.

THE GRAVE OF YORICK.

THERE are some surprises which only moderately astonish the experienced political observer. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE'S "wild shriek of liberty," which deservedly failed to overcome Mr. DISRAELI, is no more startling to the *habitué* of the political theatre than the "Here we are again" of the riddle-faced artist who habitually subsides into silence from February to Christmas. A poet, well known in the House of Commons, has remarked that persons who have to do with naval matters must needs be enveloped in *as triplex*, and it was notorious that Mr. OSBORNE was more than sufficiently armed with that particular panoply. If it should be asked why office should deprive a useful metal of its accustomed sonority, the answer is that the laws of politics are the reverse of those of physics, and that, in the *plenum* of place, the sounding brass will not even tinkle like a cymbal.

But silence on delicate subjects we have always regarded as the product of the "benign influences" of stipend and salary. That a politician should suddenly speak his mind, at the very moment when his party goes out of office, is in conformity with the laws of nature; but it is a moral prodigy that he should tell an inconvenient truth at the moment when his people are coming in. It is therefore enough to make one rub one's eyes, in doubt of one's wakefulness, to find our contemporary, the *Press*, announcing that Free-trade is a wicked deception, at the very moment when Lord DERBY takes office in the character of an advanced Liberal who has moved too fast even to remember the existence of a creed so outworn as Protectionism. Certainly we had believed our contemporary capable of doing a thing or two for the sake of disguising the connexion of Lord DERBY'S party with the Corn Laws. For this, the Disraelite journal has glorified mediocrities, calumniated virtues, and vilified the loftiest parts. For this it has striven hard to catch that trick of pasquinade which was the secret of CANNING, FREER, and HOOK, and has at least succeeded in reproducing the humour of the *New York Herald*. For this, it has not unintelligently imitated that mysterious style in which SIDONIA proclaims the most curious ethnological truths, and promises the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, to the pure young spirits who shall dare to regenerate humanity by acting on the principles shadowed forth in a sentence without any meaning in particular. Yet now, just when the suffering saint grasps the crown, just when the aspirant to the *nirvana* of office has succeeded in severing himself from his former existence, comes a jeremiad about the way in which free trade has increased pauperism and enhanced the price of corn. Of course we cannot doubt that the explanation offered by the chief organ of the Cabinet is the true one. It appears that "the *Press* newspaper, which has hitherto been regarded as the weekly organ of the Conservative party, has recently changed hands, and that it will henceforward be devoted exclusively to the advocacy of the views of Mr. NEWDEGATE, and those propounded by the *Record*." Amid so many staggerers, it ought not perhaps to be felt as a knock-down blow that the *Morning Herald* should be sneering at the *Record* and Mr. NEWDEGATE; but certainly it is right as to the facts. The article of our weekly contemporary is NEWDEGATE *tout pur*. What multiplying! What dividing! What casting of averages! What ethereal candour! What gentle railery! Memory, as we read, sheds the darkness of other days around us, and the NEWDEGATIAN creations of eight or ten years since start again into a half-life, like the spectres of forgotten bores in a bad and feverish dream. Again the untaxed foreigner mops and gibbers. Again the devil's dance of figures in long columns begins. "PEEL," "Peelite," "Pauperism," glow in fiery characters before us, and a gigantic SPOONER weighs twenty tons of Australian gold in a colossal Balance of Trade.

This, then, is the end. "Where be your gibes now? your gambols! your songs?" Where be your Coalitions

Guides, and your lampoons on ABERDEEN and PAM? Where be your panegyrics, your invectives, your private communications, and your *secrets de Polichinelle*? That fellow of infinite jest, on whose lips the old gentlemen of the Carlton hung, is down among the dead men. The Cannon-Balls have him. Ceremented in inodorous fallacies, he has gone to corrupt amid old arithmetical dross and the rotting refuse of deceased paradoxes. "Here is a fine revolution, an 'we had the trick to see't. . . . That skull had a tongue in 'it, and could sing once. This might be the pate of a 'politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would 'circumvent God; or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good 'morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?'" Our weekly contemporary has, in fact, been purchased by "this ass." Whether the new proprietor has secured more than the well-known type in which so much Caucasian mysticism and so many innocent amenities have been set up, we are not in a position to conjecture. There is, however, a sudden outburst of the light lampoon in the columns of the *Morning Herald*, which gives ground for suspecting that the ingenious staff has migrated elsewhere; and certainly, of all human situations, that of Pythoness to the Members for Warwickshire is among the least enviable. There are many shifts to which a moribund journal may be driven. It is a marketable article. It may be sold to Lord CLANRICARDE, to the owner of a training stable, or to the Royal British Bank. It may even be reduced to living from hand to mouth, and become a sort of "Newspaper with the Camellias," always dying, always purchasable. The position of a writer attached to organs of opinion like these is not to be contemplated without a shudder; but oh! to eat the salt of NEWDEGATE, or climb the stairs of SPOONER!

OUR RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.

OUR relations with the French Government, though they have ceased to be discreditable, are, to say the least, uncomfortable. Our "faithful allies" have, for the moment, fallen into a frame of mind which is not wholly unknown in more domestic connexions. There may be no thought of actual separation, but there is a good deal of that *nagging* which interferes materially with connubial felicity. As always happens in such cases of "painful misconception," the party most in the wrong considers herself dreadfully ill-used. It is not very clear how this unsatisfactory state of affairs is to be remedied. In private life, it might be easily arranged by a good fit of hysterics. The injured husband would of course humbly beg pardon, and be forgiven for the wrongs he had sustained, and everything would go on as before till the next time. The difficulty in the present case, however, is, that though nations can go into hysterics just as easily as the most vexatious wife, the kissing and begging-pardon processes require an individuality which a few millions of men who talk different tongues and think different thoughts cannot readily assume.

This simple and obvious method of reconciliation being impracticable, it may perhaps tend somewhat to international tranquillity if we take the pains to ascertain what really is the footing on which the relations of the two countries are properly based; for it is from the complete misapprehension of these relations that the late "painful misconception" has mainly arisen. We are told, in every possible variation of tone, by the official and unofficial press of France—from the howl of the *Univers* down to the dulcet notes of M. DE LA GUERRONNIÈRE—that England is horribly ungrateful. We don't desire to enter into an invidious discussion of the balance of obligations—we content ourselves with remarking that gratitude is not the fitting—nor, in fact, is it a possible—groundwork of an international alliance. There is an old epigram which says that the man who publishes to the world the favours he has conferred, discharges the recipient of the debt which he had incurred. If so, the French pamphlet has certainly wiped out the score which LOUIS NAPOLEON had chalked up against England. It is not necessary—as it would not be true—to deny that our alliance with France has been of considerable advantage to the policy and interests of England; but we cannot admit that it has laid us under obligations which we are to discharge by conceding untenable claims or abandoning just rights. The whole line of argument taken in the French pamphlet shows how thoroughly the sound basis of an alliance between the two countries is misconceived in the quarters from which that State paper proceeded. The position which the author seeks

to establish is that the Emperor of the FRENCH has stood the friend of England against his own people. If this be true we confess that the prospect is not a hopeful one for the permanence of the connexion. If an alliance is to be worth anything, it must be an alliance of the two peoples, and not a temporary accommodation between two Governments. The case made out by M. DE LA GUERRONNIÈRE is one which is neither very dignified nor patriotic, as far as the Emperor of the FRENCH is concerned. Either his policy has or has not had for its principal aim the interests and advantage of France. In the former case, we do not see why it is to be treated as a matter of personal favour towards England. If, on the other hand, it is pretended that the sympathies of the French nation have been disregarded, and that their government has been conducted for the benefit of this country rather than that of France, this is a species of service which the EMPEROR had no right to offer us, and which we ought to be ashamed to accept. Great nations cannot afford to receive from each other gratuities of this description. Such eleemosynary relations are more degrading than profitable; and if the danger of such fatal presents were not of itself obvious enough, the tone of the French pamphlet might warn statesmen of the danger of incurring such embarrassing obligations. And while we cannot take gifts of this description at the hands of any nation, still less can we afford to be subsidized by the individual friendship of a monarch.

We say, then, that this plea of gratitude as between England and France, and still more as between England and LOUIS NAPOLEON, is wholly out of the question. This country has happily never placed herself under such a debt as that which Austria incurred to Russia in the Hungarian rebellion, though some Continental politicians were very eager to inflict on us the ambiguous boon of a foreign intervention in Hindostan. Yet Austria claimed the right to consult the welfare of her own dominions on the invasion of the Danubian Provinces. The Emperor NICHOLAS might have saluted her with opprobrium and reproach with far more reason than the hacks of the Tuileries have for charging us with baseness and ingratitude; but if the Court of Vienna had feared to consult the interests of its own Empire from personal considerations, it would have been justly despised, as well as certainly ruined.

Not only is the spirit in which we are invited to act totally unworthy of an independent country, but the object at which we are expected to aim would be a great mistake. The conclusion to which all that has been written in France, and a good deal of what has been spoken in England, alike point, is that it is the interest as well as the duty of this country to take measures to protect the throne of LOUIS NAPOLEON from the dangers which environ it. This hypothesis is the real source of all the "painful misconceptions" which have arisen. We do not stop to inquire what are the particular measures which may have been demanded of us, or which may yet be proposed with this view. We protest *in limine* against the fundamental idea which the theory implies. Of all forms of intervention, the most degrading to the country that seeks it, and the most dangerous to the country that embarks in it, is the attempt to sustain the influence of any individual or any Government in another State. We may ally ourselves with the Ruler of France for any objects of European or cosmopolitan policy, but we cannot enter into a league with LOUIS NAPOLEON against the French people. We do not ask whether it is desirable—we are satisfied to know that it is impossible. It is said that the facilities which our institutions offer to the enemies of the EMPEROR are dangerous to his throne. The mere definition of the danger, however, shows how impossible it is that we can even attempt to avert it. If we cannot, and do not, really intend to do anything effectual, it is a sheer mockery to amuse a "faithful ally" with a morsel of sham legislation. The French pamphlet says that it is in English institutions that the real danger to the Imperial throne lies. But, if so, are those institutions to be modified—or, if not, how is the danger to be removed? The institutions of France at the commencement of the current year were by no means inordinately liberal, yet the EMPEROR has discovered that they must be made more repressive, in order that they may ensure the safety of his Government. In France, however, the Executive has far greater powers for protecting itself from its enemies than it can be supposed that any Administration in England could ever exercise in its favour. We have not different laws here for our own people and for

strangers—they have both the same rights, and are subject to the same responsibilities; and the moment we break in upon this principle, the right of asylum is gone. If, then, we are efficiently to protect the EMPEROR from those of his foes who have taken refuge on our shores, we must establish in this country institutions at least as repressive as those existing in France, and under such institutions Englishmen must be content to live. We think we need say no more to show that the thing expected of us is impossible, not merely in form, but in essence. If such a claim is really to be insisted upon, we can only say, as the King of ISRAEL when he received the letter of the King of SYRIA, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore, consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

We cannot, therefore, acquiesce in the studied and persistent attempts which are made on the other side of the Channel to fix the blame of the late misunderstanding on England. Indeed, the only charge that can be brought against us is that we have done nothing. It is not our army that has menaced France—it is not our Government that has published offensive addresses—we have made no unreasonable demands—we have sent no offensive despatches. We have simply declined to change our laws in a manner mischievous to ourselves and useful to no one. If the ground of complaint is that our institutions are not such as to make the concoction of a plot like ORSINI'S impossible, we might be content to answer that even those of France are not yet sufficiently repressive to make its execution difficult. But we go further. We say that our laws and institutions are framed with reference to the requirements of our own society, and can never be modified with a view to the necessities of foreign States. The essence of English liberty is, that every man in these dominions shall be permitted as much freedom both of speech and action as is compatible, not with the convenience of any other State, but with the good government of our own. If any other principle is to be introduced into our legislation, we cease to be an independent people.

In a matter of this kind it is not well to beat about the bush. The whole mischief which has arisen has come from a cowardly tampering with the truth. If the late Government had had the manliness to put the real state of the case before the Emperor of the FRENCH, we believe that his political sagacity would have saved both countries from the mess in which the blundering of the late Cabinet has involved them. We are at least as anxious to see a legitimate alliance between England and France as the "spirited foreign Minister" who was so eager to break down the *entente cordiale* ten years ago; but a solid alliance, like a happy match, can only be formed on the basis of a thorough mutual understanding. We ought not to have been placed in the painful position of refusing that which, as it might have been known, we can never concede. We are ready to respect the office of the EMPEROR, and, if necessary, to co-operate in any common object for the advantage of the two countries; but we cannot undertake to remodel our institutions for the purpose of protecting, either against his own subjects, or anybody else, a Sovereign to whom, for some reason or other, it is assumed that we ought to be grateful.

THE BANK AND THE BILLBROKERS.

A RECENT announcement from the Bank of England that it will no longer rediscount for the bill discounters, will probably do more to restore the money trade to a permanently healthy condition than anything that legislative interference could effect. The general management of the Bank has for many years been characterized by the utmost prudence and sagacity. It was not from the Directors that complaints were heard of the fetters which Parliament had imposed upon their discretion. They frankly acknowledged the propriety of the restraints placed upon them, and accepted the duty of conducting their business under the new régime introduced by the Act of 1844, on the same general principles of caution which ought to govern alike the operations of the largest and the smallest banking concerns. In one respect only is their past policy open to observation. A sort of notion had grown up that the resources of the Bank of England must always be sufficient to give an unlimited amount of accommodation to all persons willing to pay the current price and able

to give approved securities. Any other establishment was considered to be at liberty to curtail its advances as soon as it found its reserve unduly reduced. But the City creed about the Bank of England was that it was never to refuse any good bills offered for discount, or to check the drain upon its resources in any way except by the indirect method of raising the rate of discount. In ordinary times this was a practicable theory enough, because it was always in the power of the Bank to diminish the demand upon it by simply raising its price. But the instant that the sober calculations of the market are deranged by panic, an increase of price is as likely to develop as to check the rush for accommodation. At such times, therefore, the Bank is certain to find much difficulty in acting up to the idea, that it ought always, at some price or other, to be able to accommodate every one who has good security to give. To some extent, the belief that unlimited assistance from the Bank would always be available was fostered by the Directors' practice of looking to the value of the securities offered, without much regard to the character of the business carried on by the applicants for discount. So many years, too, passed, during which the demand for accommodation was always met to its full extent, that it is not wonderful that the supplies of Threadneedle-street should come to be regarded as almost inexhaustible. The announcement to which we have referred is the first distinct repudiation of the theory that anybody who brings a satisfactory security has a right to expect an advance from the Bank. The general course of business must always be in accordance with this view, and it is on that account the more important that exceptional cases should be met by the exercise of some discretion on the part of the Directors as to the persons who are to be considered entitled to assistance.

Indirectly, the anxiety of the Bank Directors to sustain commerce in all the shapes which it assumed, must have contributed sensibly to the growth of the dangerous style of business which bore its fruit in the crisis of last year. Always prudent in the management of its own affairs, the only error of the Bank was in allowing less cautious establishments to lean too much upon its support. But for the anticipation of such aid, it would have been impossible for the discount houses to have traded as they did to the edge of their resources. Of course it is very profitable to employ an indefinite amount of money received at call, while the duty of keeping the reserve necessary to guard against contingencies is shuffled off to another establishment. This was what was done while the Bank of England placed its resources at the command of the bill discounters, and now that the indulgence is no longer to be granted, it is scarcely conceivable that any firm will venture to conduct its operations in the reckless manner which was so common up to last autumn.

It does not appear whether those Joint-Stock Banks which carry on the same kind of business as the houses from which the Bank of England has now decided to keep aloof, will be included in the sentence of banishment from Threadneedle-street, but it is difficult to find any principle on which a distinction can be drawn. The justification of the policy now adopted by the Bank can only be found in the conviction that the trade of taking money at call at high rates of interest is essentially unsound. If this be so, the reason of the new rule applies to all establishments where that practice is followed. The most satisfactory result of all would be, that the Joint-Stock Banks should agree to limit in some degree the dangerous facilities by which they have hitherto competed for public favour. There is no reason why interest should not be allowed on the unemployed capital which would otherwise be lying idle in the hands of the public. All that is necessary for the stability of commerce is, that a safe margin should be insisted on, and that the enormous sums thus collected together should not be liable to be withdrawn faster than resources can be got in to meet the demand. This cannot be insured while deposits are accepted at call, or on very short notice; and we should imagine that it would be as conducive to the interests of the Banks, as to the security of the public, to lay down some general regulations for the conduct of their business which should restrict the indefinite increase of the rate of interest on deposits, and require a reasonable notice to be given in all cases before withdrawal. Unless some such course is taken, the Joint-Stock Banks will have no right to complain if the Bank of England places them in the same category as other discount houses.

It is a wholesome sign for the future, that the New York

Banks have already recognised the necessity of abandoning the allowance of interest on current deposits. It is only by common agreement that a return to safe courses is possible; for if one section of the more important Banks chooses to enter into a hazardous competition, it is not very easy for their rivals to resist the contagion. But we do not see why a mutual understanding for such a purpose should be less easy here than it appears to be in America; and we should certainly look forward to the future with much more confidence if we were assured that the troubles of last year had taught a lesson of prudence to those who are in a position to control, or to aggravate at will, the speculative mania which every period of prosperity is certain to bring in its train.

In the midst of indications of returning prudence, both in America and at home, a controversy which has been recently going on in the columns of the *Times* shows that the principles of doubly hazardous banking are not without their avowed supporters. Certain deposit banks have been attacked by the *Times* for offering to their customers a rate of interest about double that which can be ordinarily commanded in the market. It is a rule which seldom fails, that high interest means bad security, and it is rather curious to see how the promoters of these establishments endeavour to escape the inference. The plea which they urge is that their advances are made to persons who do not enjoy the *entrée* into the regular money-market. Small men who keep no banking account are, it is said, willing to give 10 per cent. for accommodation for which merchants are ordinarily paying only 2½. By carrying on business in this field, it is alleged that a sufficient profit may be made to justify the acceptance of deposits at so high a rate as 5 or 6 per cent. If there is any truth in this explanation, it is obvious that only a very limited business can be done on such exceptional terms; and even then it is difficult to believe that any one who has good security to give can be in a position which compels him to pay such usurious interest for the money which he wants. The practice to which attention has been called is by no means confined to the two or three institutions which have been specially pointed at. Very many assurance offices have followed in the same track—whether with success or not is a question on which they do not give us the means of positively deciding. Some guess may perhaps be formed from the fact that no less than thirty-three of these offices have transferred their business to other companies during the last year, while, in the course of two years, eighteen insolvent assurance offices have been brought under the operation of the Court of Chancery. How far the system of borrowing money at high rates and lending it on bad security has contributed to this result, we do not know; but it does seem strange that any one should enter into such a contract as that of assurance with any company which pursues so very adventurous a trade.

THE JEW BILL.

THE controversy on the exclusion of Jews from Parliament is sensibly contracting its limits. With at least three of the present Cabinet Ministers in favour of the Oaths Bill, it is inconvenient to the Executive that the question should remain unsettled; and, although it is probable that more was extracted than the HOME SECRETARY really meant from his earnest but hasty aspiration that we had got to the final stage of the discussion, yet there are symptoms that we are nearly in port. Monday night's debate exhibited all the characteristics of a worn-out dispute. It was not worth while for even the most hardy political adventurer to attempt a novelty in argument. Mr. WALPOLE successfully refuted Mr. NEWDEGATE in what might, if it had happened to be true, have been a strong objection to the measure before the House. Were the Jews what the member for Warwickshire describes them, and what theoretically we might suppose them to be—a sullen, obstinate element which refuses to coalesce with the body politic, which recognises no common social duties, and confines itself to a moral Ghetto of its own creation—there might be some show of reason for excluding them from a Legislature towards which, as they have no affinities, they can discharge no duties. But the opponents of emancipation being fundamentally at issue on a Jew's estimate of citizenship, we are bound to take the Jews at their own valuation—or, still better, we are free to judge them by our own experience of their practical citizenship. Were they what they ought to be, or what we think they ought to be,

they would set little value on the honours of the British Senate. Rebecca in *Ivanhoe* trampled in scorn on the offer of Christian toleration, and Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE is said to consider admission to our legislative privileges an insult to the seed of ABRAHAM. It may be true that a ROTHSCHILD is a very questionable Jew; but this is a matter for his own conscience, with which we have small concern. If Judaism is merging from a stately religion into an hereditary trading guild, this is a subject interesting rather to the historian of religious thought than to the politician.

Of course the old argument, or rather assertion, that our laws and institutions are all founded on Christianity, was reproduced; and on no side was this alleged fact fairly contested. On investigation it might perhaps be found that much, both of our common and constitutional law, is founded on pagan enactments and heathen traditions. European law has adopted Christianity, and Christianity has coloured it; but Christianity never dictated either a code or a constitution. The Scriptures did not contemplate what is called a Christian State; and it is certain that the Theodosian Code was not borrowed from the Christian revelation. If a Christian State, as in CONSTANTINE's time, tolerated—as most scholars hold that it did—the public sacrifices of heathenism, it cannot be inconsistent with its original idea to admit to political privileges those who have far more in common with Christianity than the worshippers of Jupiter and Venus. When Mr. WALPOLE contends that the Parliamentary Oath was never framed for the exclusion of Jews, because the constitution never anticipated their existence among us, his own argument may be retorted. The constitution—whenever it became crystallized, and we leave the question in its hopeless uncertainty—never contemplated British rule over millions of Pagans, Buddhists, Mohammedans, and Hindoos. Yet since our acquisition of India, we have not only recognised, but administered, Mohammedan and Hindoo law. That is to say, since we have acquired heathen subjects, we have given them citizens' rights on their own pagan profession; and, by parity of reason, now that we have acquired Jewish subjects, we must treat them in the same way. If we intended to preserve the ideal of a Christian State, we should have surrounded our island with a wall of brass. The price that we pay for an Empire is the sacrifice of the theory of a Christian State. It is as much treason to that theory for a Christian official to swear a Mohammedan on the Koran, as it is to alter the Parliamentary oath. First, then, we deny the theory of a Christian State; and next, we say that we have long since abandoned it.

But more menacing symptoms of the necessity of settling this question will probably present themselves to Lord DERBY's mind. Sir RICHARD BETHELL has given notice of his intention, in the event of the rejection of the Oaths Bill by the Lords, to move the admission of the Jews by resolution of the House of Commons. The late ATTORNEY-GENERAL may not altogether uncharitably be supposed to be instigated by his love of a row with the Law Lords; yet such a resolution as he contemplates would be a grave constitutional mischief, which a statesman is bound to avoid. The House of Commons is likely enough, judging from its previous attempts in the same direction, to seize any opportunity of urging extravagant pretensions; and the mere inconvenience of being at direct conflict both with the law of England and the House of Lords, is not likely to deter its more ardent spirits. Unseemly as such a dispute must be—grave, and more than grave, as such a conflict would be—serious as is the prospect of arraying that vague but most powerful of impalpabilities, the privileges of the House of Commons, against the austere but naked majesty of the law of England—the struggle is not likely to be declined by the Commons in their present temper. Ten years is long enough to give passion a fatal preponderance over judgment. Were the proposed resolution carried, and were it submitted to in silence by the House of Lords—not a very probable contingency—such an event would seriously damage the character of the House of Commons; and whether victory or defeat would be most injurious to the country, we are not called upon to decide. A special pleader's mind alone can be satisfied that the 5 and 6 WILLIAM IV., in its allusion to "other bodies empowered to substitute a declaration for an oath," ever contemplated the House of Commons; and if the House not only adopts but acts upon what the general moral feeling of the country will stigmatize as a forced and unnatural interpretation—if it wriggles out of a great constitutional difficulty by a law-

yer's quibble—the popular respect for its dignity and truthfulness will be seriously compromised. Such a proceeding would be to sanction a most jesuitical interpretation of law. The whole value of the argument that the existing oath was never intended to exclude Jews is abandoned by such a subterfuge. The Parliamentary oath did not refer to Jews because it never contemplated their existence; yet we are asked to believe that the statute of WILLIAM IV. did refer to the House of Commons, although that was a "body" which no human being believes can come within its scope. Should the House insist on this piece of tyranny, and should it have strength to sustain it, some veteran legalists will be found to regret that they, like Serjeant MAYNARD, have outlived the law of England. Lord DERBY has had too much political experience willingly to face such a catastrophe. He has the power, and many of his Cabinet have the will, to avert it; and the Lords will best consult, not only their own dignity, but the interests of the country, by an effort of timely wisdom. They have done enough for honour and consistency. The break-water has discharged its functions; but something more than the phrase "the true faith of a Christian" will be swept away should the Commons adopt Sir RICHARD BETHELL'S ill-omened resolution.

THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER PRESS OF LONDON.

FEW, probably, of our readers are aware of the extent to which the remission of the tax on newspapers has operated. We are all perhaps more or less familiar with the general daily penny press, both of the metropolis and the large provincial towns. But the *Standard* and *Star* and their congeners by no means exhaust, and scarcely represent, the immense mass of local newspapers. There is hardly a suburban parish which has not its local organ, and in some districts there are two or more special newspapers. They are mostly published weekly, and some notion of the extent to which these publications reach may be formed from a list of journals published in a single—that is, the North-Eastern—district of London. We have before us—

1. The City Press	No. 37	Price 1d.
2. The Holborn Journal	No. 3	" 1d.
3. The Clerkenwell News	No. 151	" 1d.
4. The Finsbury Herald	No. 26	" 1d.
5. The St. Luke's News	No. 2	" 1d.
6. The Shoreditch Observer	No. 63	" 1d.
7. The Islington Gazette	No. 78	" 1d.
8. The Islington Times	No. 46	" 1d.

All these are published in the Parliamentary borough of Finsbury alone, and, as far as we can judge, they are paying speculations. New candidates for public support, it will be seen, appear, which of itself proves that the trade is profitable. The oldest of these journals, the *Clerkenwell News*, claims a circulation of 14,000, and it consists of twenty-four columns as large as, or larger than, those of the *Standard*, of which sixteen are filled with advertisements. Four of these columns are occupied with notices of houses and rooms to let, and four with advertisements for situations or places vacant, chiefly among servants and shopmen. The aspect of a single metropolitan local journal like this is a curious illustration of social life; and, taken together, they form a remarkable commentary on the existing habits and tone of society among the smaller shopkeepers of London in its dingier haunts. Some of these productions are regular newspapers, and quite equal to the ordinary provincial press. The news, as is always the case in weekly journals, is appropriated, or as their conductors would say, compiled. Still, to do them justice, the local "halfpennies" do not attempt to compete with the ordinary high-priced newspapers. They have a distinct object and speciality, as it is the custom to call it. They are read, we conjecture, not in place of the *Times* and *Daily News*, but by the side of them. Wisely they do not profess an impotent competition. They address themselves chiefly to matters of local interest. The proceedings of the local vestries, the sayings and doings of the various little parochial parliaments, are reported *in extenso*. These, with the sermons at the parish church, and the lectures at the various meeting-houses—small talk and innocent gossip about the last speech of the familiar Demosthenes of the Paving Board—and the personal explanations between guardians and overseers—are the staple of the halfpenny press of London. And there is good in all this. Public opinion expressed in this way is thoroughly English, and keeps every one to his work. Much to the credit of the cheap press, we must remark that in these eight newspapers there is not a single passage offensive to propriety or decency—there is not half the personal scandal and gobemoucheerie of many a county paper. Mr. Potts of the *Eatan-snell Gazette* would not be tolerated in the parlours of St. Luke's, or the workshops of Shoreditch. Even where there are, as in Islington, two acknowledged rivals, the local *Times* and *Gazette* have something better to do than to abuse each other. It is highly creditable to the general taste of the middle classes—and those whom these newspapers address form the lower strata of the middle classes—that this is found to be the sort of literature which suits them. Were the English mind of Finsbury

and St. Luke's to demand less wholesome food, it would, we have little doubt, be presented in a form which would suit the purchasers' sympathies. The papers before us are honest and wholesome, because the readers will have what is honest and wholesome. To say the truth, they are generally rather dull and respectable. They are certainly not seasoned with *double entendre*—not addressed to the baser passions. They are anything but organs of sedition and slander, and on the whole, present a somewhat stiff adhesion to all the proprieties. Indeed, we should be almost disposed to detect the decent clerical pen in not a few contributions. It is much to the credit of religious teachers if it is so. This is the true policy of the educator, and shows what wisdom we have at last learned. Cheap newspapers are a social fact, which, if they can, the clergy are right to avail themselves of and to use. It shows a firmer grasp of duty in religious teachers to lay hold of the popular mind even in this humble way, than to curse the cheap press as an engine of Satan, and allow it to become such by way of vindicating their prophetic powers.

The *City Press* contains two leaders, one on a subject not of economical, but of a certain practical interest. "Where's the Parish Engine?" is a sensible question. The writer, while giving credit to the brigade, pleads for the retention of the parish machine. The subject is treated in a City spirit. Another writer argues for opening St. Paul's for Sunday evening services. He considers Mr. Spurgeon a "young apostle," but stirs up the City clergy not unkindly nor unseasonably. Two or three clergymen send reports of their last charity sermons: and the reasons for and against the retention of Temple-bar are urged with commendable interest, and a little vehemence. A useful course of antiquarian and topographical lore, devoted to lives of old City worthies and the annals of old City offices, under the title of "City Notes and Queries," is very well done. A correspondent, who had evidently sent some racy scrap of scandal, is informed by the editor that "we cannot lend our columns to the circulation of reports affecting private character without serving any public purpose."

The *Holborn Journal* is only in its third number. It gives very full reports of the weekly proceedings of the Holborn Union, the Holborn Board of Works, the collections made by the various rate-gatherers in the week, and such matters as the rate-payers of St. Andrew's are reasonably much interested in. As a specimen of the sort of thing which no doubt is much relished in Middle-row and Gray's Inn-lane, we take an incident at the Board of Works. Certain tenders are read for watering the streets, the lowest of which is announced by the clerk to be 7s. 3d. per 100 square yards. One Rose, who made this tender, is called in, and, after passing his examination before the Conscript Fathers of the parish, the clerk observes—"Your terms, then, are seven and three-pence?" "No," says Rose, "eleven and three-pence." On looking at the tender, it appeared that what the clerk read "seven" Rose had written "leven," that being his way of spelling "eleven." *Solvuntur risu tabula*. The world of Holborn may be grateful to its journal for chronicling this famous jest. The leader is a sensible article on the Passport system. Its argument that France loses its English travellers by an exclusive system is not of the newest, but none the worse for that. These are the two high-price journals; and they are distinguished chiefly from their halfpenny brethren by being more exactly a cento of the daily papers.

The *Clerkenwell News* is, we should say, suffering from its success. Its sixteen columns of advertisements compel a type which is so terribly minute that we fear we have not given to its entire contents that careful perusal which they deserve. The leader is particularly local, and consists of a glorification of the local Savings Bank. The Seckford-street Bank is a Clerkenwell institution; and the *Clerkenwell News* is not chary in its congratulations to the men of Clerkenwell on this their great parochial triumph. We regret to find that the Vestry of that district is agitated by a question which, we trust, will not lead to a secession of angry ratepayers to the Mons Sacer of Pentonville. An agrarian dispute is raging there, and also in St. Luke's, on what is alleged to be a patrician abuse of authority on the part of the Board of Works in forbidding shopkeepers to place their wares on the footpath. Our sympathies are decidedly with the autocrats, and in the interest of the public we side strongly against one Paris, who is said to be in the habit of "weighing rags, bones, and fat, on the pavement." There was, we are sorry to be informed, "much acrimonious discussion imported into this matter when recently discussed in the Vestry."

The *Finsbury Herald* and *St. Luke's News* prove that a noble ambition in literature fires Old-street, which may be accounted for by the fact that Grub-street—*mutato nomine*, now Milton-street—is in this parish. "Envy doth merit like its shade pursue," and doubtless the success of the *Herald* has called the *News* into existence. Far be it from us to decide on their respective merits. Both are Arcadians. The *News* celebrates the merits of the local clergy in enthusiastic, not to say adulatory, terms; but at present we should say, the *Herald* is the organ of the Vestry and Burial Board. The *News* sports an Original Poem, but the *Herald* carries all before it in the Original Correspondence. Here "Mr. Gregory Bell," the leader of opposition against the churchwardens and placemen, comes out very strong. Since the days of Junius, we have read few things better than his indignant sneer at the great "Mr. Briscoe's notable efficiency," as with strong sarcasm he expresses it, "on the matter of the lie-by-e in Plumtree-street"—our admiration of the taunt being increased by our total and deplorable ignorance of the nature of a "lie-by-e."

Mr. Briscoe and Mr. Bell, it appears, like Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, are both candidates for the leadership of the opposition—which accounts for their amenities.

The leader in the *Shoreditch Observer* is an article by no means contemptible on the Napoleonic Idea of Government; and it would pass muster in most of the daily newspapers. The parish of Shoreditch is menaced by a constitutional crisis. The old Local Act is about to be superseded by a new code; and feudalism is merging into constitutionalism. The parish governors consisted of a body of peers, in the shape of self-elected trustees, certain allusions to whose drunkenness do not seem to have been well received at the Vestry meeting; but the Thersites of the trustees, one Mr. Pearce, retorts upon the Reformers by stigmatizing their organ, our respected contemporary, the *Observer*, as "that contemptible thing the Shoreditch Rag"—an insult to journalism which was sternly, though ineffectually rebuked by the Chairman. "Many indignant remarks from the members on Mr. Pearce's factious conduct" did not deter that hero from dividing in an ignominious minority of two against twenty-nine. This parish seems to be infected by all the abuses of an aristocracy, for in a recent election for organist it appears that the appointment went, like staff-appointments in the army, on family interest rather than scientific attainments. Mr. Sotherton Esteourt, however, has signaled his accession to office by a strong demonstration against the old vicious nomination system of Shoreditch. He promises to support a Bill now before Parliament which is to demolish the old régime; and the friends of constitutionalism all over the world will rejoice at the imminent overthrow of what we are assured is a profligate oligarchy of self-appointed tyrants. Henceforth, Shoreditch will share, and we trust will dignify, the Saxon principle of electing its own rulers.

The twin Islington journals have a sisterly likeness, and they both, as befits that evangelical parish, read like a diluted *Record*. They are not half so spiteful, and therefore much less readable, but they present such large reports of religious meetings and services that we trace clerical manipulation. The literature of the *Islington Times* is odd. A correspondent has occasion to quote Mrs. Sullen, in what he calls the "*Beau Stratagem*;" and the extract takes this queer poetical form:—

He came home this morning at his usual hour of four,
Awakened me out of a sweet dream of something else,
By tumbling over the table, then rolling over the room.

But the editor is possessed with the view that all quotations must be poetical; so in quoting the Bible, he prints it:—

They that are drunken, are drunken in the night;
But let us, who are of the day, be sober—let us
Walk honestly, and in the day, not in rioting, &c. &c.

If, however, Islington has learned the nature of godliness, it still lacks instruction in a sister grace; for we find it recorded in the proceedings of the Islington Vestry, as detailed in the *Gazette*, that when Mr. Young denounced the dreadful nuisance of keeping twelve pigs on a ground-floor, Mr. Lewis observed, "that he knew, by personal contact, that pigs did not smell badly; what's the harm in the smell of a pig?" The hero of the Islington Vestry is, however, Mr. Cox, the remarkable M.P. for Finsbury. He is an inhabitant of Islington, and certainly owed his election to his parochial notoriety; and the speeches at Islington betray the same inspirations which have shed lustre on the name of Cox at Westminster. Our illustrious senator comes out stronger, if not better, in the local Vestry Hall than in St. Stephen's. He is clearly on his own dunghill. The following report of a debate in the Islington parliament is more characteristic than savoury. To make it intelligible, we must premise that on a previous occasion Mr. Cox had opposed the Board of Health and its officers in their official and officious attempts to cleanse all private cesspools and privies. "I hold," said Mr. Cox, M.P., "that an Englishman's privy, like his house, is his castle, and ought to be sacred from intrusion." It was in the same spirit of defending vested nastiness that Mr. Cox, with other metropolitan members, defeated Sir George Grey's Bill, of last Session, for the extension to all houses of the provisions of the Licensed Lodging Houses Act:—

The next series of resolutions treated of sanitary matters:—

No. 1 proposed that some interpretation be given to the word "privy," in the 51st section, so as to show whether it means "cesspool" or what?

Mr. Cox had no objection to the Vestry submitting to the Board a request that they would define the word "privy," as, without bringing up old discussions, he was free to admit that very different constructions had been put upon it, but they ought not to suggest a construction and finish with a "what." He (Mr. Cox) doubted whether "cesspool" was an apposite word, but most assuredly they ought not to go to the Board to ask whether a "privy" was a "what." (Laughter.)

Mr. Groom was surprised that Mr. Cox should desire any interpretation of the word "privy," as he thought he had heard him say it was a man's castle—(laughter)—indeed, he had heard more than one parishioner call them "Cox's castles." (Great laughter.)

It is satisfactory to learn that the champion of disease and dirt is properly estimated by his colleagues in Vestry, as well as in Parliament, for Mr. Walker, it is added, "regretted to hear Mr. Cox raising an objection quite unworthy of them and of his own position. If he had wanted to get up as a little pettifoggish attorney he could not have done differently." At any rate it is creditable to those large bodies of our countrymen who are engaged in the duties of parochial self-government, that this is the only instance of discreditable talk which all these journals furnish, and that the offender is a Parliament man.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LORD STANHOPE'S admirable suggestion has in due course borne fruit, and the National Portrait Gallery has now more than a paper existence. The Commission has begun its work in good earnest, and has temporarily settled its incipient Collection and its active secretary and curator in a house in Great George-street, Westminster. The portraits already acquired number about thirty, but more will soon be added, either by gift or by purchase. Strictly speaking, the Collection is not yet open to the public, but it is not difficult to obtain admission upon application; and we should advise all who take an interest in the scheme to gratify themselves by personal inspection of the progress already made. We will briefly notice the existing pictures in the order of their numeration in the provisional catalogue, before making some remarks on the difficult task that awaits the Commission in the next stage of their undertaking.

The portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh (1), a purchase from Down-ton, is a very worthy presentment of that great Englishman, and seems to have every internal mark of authenticity. Its painter is unknown. The face has the fine oval form so often noticed in the worthies of the Elizabethan era. It is pale, and very thoughtful in expression, and the brow is magnificent. Far less interest attaches to Lenthall (2), the Speaker of the Long Parliament. This picture is also a purchase, and is in fine condition. Dr. Mead (3), painted by Ramsay, is indifferent; and we feel disposed to credit the great physician with a better physiognomy at the expense of his painter. Dr. Parr (4), by Dawe, in his night-cap and dressing-gown, and with his coarse, heavy, self-indulgent expression, is familiar to every one; and Handel (5), by Hudson—another well-known likeness—thoroughly deserves its place here. Next we have Captain Cook, the circumnavigator—a portrait of much interest, drawn (it is said) at the Cape of Good Hope, by Webber, the artist appointed to accompany his Expedition. Spencer Perceval (8), taken from a mask after death; Horne Tooke (9), by Hardy; and the full-faced poet of the Seasons (10), by Paton, are in no way remarkable. The next is La Belle Hamilton (11), Comtesse de Grammont, whose virtue, wit, and beauty make her not unfit to head the distinguished Englishwomen in this gallery. The picture is a good copy from Lely, by Eckardt. We have omitted the famous Chandos Shakspeare—the first picture obtained by the Commission, the gift of the late Earl of Ellesmere, who bought it at the sale at Stowe. This was allowed to be exhibited at Manchester last summer, and is too well known, whatever may be thought of its genuineness, to need description. Murphy, the Dramatist (12), follows Shakspeare after a long interval. Dance is the painter; and his work and its subject are alike commonplace. The next portrait, a small crayon sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is of Mrs. Carter, the learned translator of Epictetus. This is a pleasing likeness, done in a very charming style. The admirers of Lawrence treasure his crayon sketches very highly; and this specimen is much more to our mind than many of his more ambitious full-sized portraits. However, his head of William Wilberforce (26) is a real gem. It is admirably painted, but is the only part of the picture that is finished. This is no loss, probably, so far as Lawrence's work is concerned; for the figure and even the hands, had the canvas ever been covered, would probably have been done by his pupils. Next we mark a grim old portrait said to be that of Fox, the Martyrologist (15), presented by Mr. Akerman. It is certainly not unlike the engraved pictures of Fox; but what evidence is there of its genuineness? We have our doubts whether this was worth accepting. The first Lord Torrington (16), of naval fame, a reputed Kneller, is disappointing; and Huskisson (17), by Rothwell, is a very poor work of art, whatever may be said of the likeness. The first Lord Stanhope, (18), by Kneller, seems hastily and carelessly painted. Archbishop Wake (19) is the first Churchman in the collection—the picture being attributed to Gibson. What a miserable and earthly face he has given the prelate! We almost feel inclined to doubt the authenticity of the portrait when we remember that Wake was really a scholar and a theologian. Equally unlike what one would expect is Highmore's portrait of Sir William Wyndham (20). Who would have imagined that this pudding-faced, unintellectual-looking man was the friend of Pope and Bolingbroke? There is nothing at all remarkable in Kneller's Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford (22); nor in the undistinguished face of William, first Earl Cadogan (23), by Laguerre. The latter is painted after the fashion of his time, in wig and armour, in a flimsy sort of style. Far better is Romney's unfinished portrait of Richard Cumberland, in a suit of red velvet. Romney had painted Cumberland once before, in a suit of blue, and we read, in the autobiography of the latter, how Garriek criticized the likeness. That was the first portrait for which the painter advanced his terms, to ten guineas instead of eight. Sharpe, the engraver, by Nollekens, by Zoffany, and Stothard, by Green, are as yet the only representatives of art in the collection. Theology has another client in the person of Bishop Warburton (25) by Phillips. And the latest acquisition of all is an interesting and verisimilar portrait of Andrew Marvell, seemingly of Flemish workmanship, which came, we believe, from the Bishop of Ely's collection.

It will be seen that these thirty portraits have been gathered together quite indiscriminately; and indeed the Commission can

as yet do little else than select, from the pictures offered to them for sale, such as may seem the most deserving of a place in their gallery. Happily, there is no reason to doubt that their acquisitions have so far been judicious. But they must be on their guard. Hundreds of indifferent pictures will doubtless be offered to them at inordinate prices. Many a forgotten portrait will be furnished with a new name, and sent on trial to Great George-street as the likeness of some hero, or statesman, or divine. And an ingenious manufacture of sham antiques may reasonably be expected. The ordeal of a candidate for purchase cannot well be made too severe; and, for our parts, we should counsel in every case a probationary hanging, in order that the lynx-eyed criticism of the public may be brought to bear on each particular instance. So far as to the genuineness of each likeness. There is another difficulty as to the claims any individual may have to admission into this national Walhalla. One thing is certain, and that is that no party spirit, political or religious, will be suffered to bias the judgment of the Commission. Laud and Burnet, Hobbes and Hoadley, William Penn and John Wesley, have an equally good chance of admission. And an excellent bye-law, to the effect that no portrait shall be received, save by an unanimous vote, until ten years have elapsed since the decease of the person represented, will effectually preclude any embarrassment that might arise from the asperities of contemporary dissensions. The National Portrait Gallery must be open to every man or woman who in any honourable way has achieved distinction, and has deserved well of the State. We have heard it argued that even noted felons and criminals should find a niche in this collection, inasmuch as their portraiture would be useful to the future historian or philosopher. But this cannot be defended seriously. The scheme has its moral aspect. It adopts the sentiment of the inscription on the Panthéon—*Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante*. Murderers and villains must be left for Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in Baker-street. There is more fear, we imagine, of the too facile admission of harmless mediocrities. It will need no little firmness to decline in certain cases some great man's offer of the portrait of a very commonplace ancestor. It is not every one that has borne a title, or even that has won a title, whose likeness will have any value or interest for posterity. And the Commissioners had better err on the side of exclusiveness than on the other. If the Gallery ever grows to the importance which we desire for it, the time will come when its managers may almost make their own choice among the most treasured family portraits—so great will be the honour of having a place on its walls. When the character of the collection is established, it will receive more valuable additions by donation or bequest than it can ever do by purchase. We are not anxious to see a large annual grant at the disposal of the Commissioners. They should have the means of buying from time to time pictures of undoubted authenticity and interest, which may come into the market; but over-abundant funds would be too likely to encourage the accumulation of trash. Above all things, care must be taken to prevent the National Portrait Gallery becoming a kind of Refuge for the Destitute—for dubs and duplicates.

In any case, many very inferior works, considered merely as paintings, will find admission. Indeed, there are more commonplace pictures than we quite like to see among the first thirty. It deserves some consideration whether a thoroughly incompetent artist can possibly produce a satisfactory portrait. Every one's experience will remind him of the atrocious caricatures called "staring likenesses," which a bad painter will perpetrate when he produces merely the broad physical facts of the portraiture without any sentiment or expression—in short, without any idealization. Most people of taste and discernment would rather be without a portrait of one they respect or love than have nothing but a coarse animal presentment of his outward form. At any rate, we think the manifest badness of a painting ought to be *pro tanto* a disqualification for admission into the Gallery—an objection which it would need a great preponderance of other arguments to outweigh.

We shall watch the further progress of the scheme with the greatest interest. Experience will show more fully what are the chief difficulties to be apprehended, and the policy of the Commissioners will be developed as they go on. The sooner the collection is thrown open to the public the better. We understand that, as soon as an enabling Act can be carried through Parliament, the numerous historical portraits now buried out of sight in the British Museum will be transferred to the custody of the Commission. This will form a most important addition to the incipient Gallery; and a broad foundation will be laid for the future superstructure. We wish every success to the scheme. The happy example of the temporary Portrait Gallery, collected and arranged by Mr. Cunningham at the Art Treasures Exhibition, prepared us for what we may expect when the National Portrait Gallery becomes more fully developed and chronologically arranged. Nothing can be more interesting or more instructive than such an assemblage of the good and the great who have preceded us; and while the multitude will have another easy source of historical learning opened to them in addition to Shakespeare's plays and Scott's novels, there may be not a few who will be inspired to emulate the illustrious dead in order to gain admission for themselves into the roll-call of British worthies.

RECOVERY OF GREEK CLASSICS.

IF any advanced Positivist were to maintain that we have too many Greek and Latin books, and that a scientific age has better knowledge to occupy itself with, it would not be easy to refute him. Indeed, it would be much easier to show that we have no right to the classical MSS. which we do possess. If we look into the thing, few of them perhaps were honestly come by. They were filched from poor people who did not know what they were parting with at the time. Let us do our duty, and surrender them with as little loss of time as may be. What good are they to the great working class? Send them back to their owners—carefully packed, of course. Russia, as the representative of Greek interests, would naturally have the Greek portion of our libraries. And as Russia is blest with Imperial Government, the MSS. will be in better keeping, than in a mere national library, under the control of Parliamentary trustees. Till this is done, however, there may still be scholars enough, or persons not scholars, yet with literary taste, to appreciate the importance of the quest for Greek MSS.

The late Chancellor of the Exchequer, himself a competent Greek scholar and editor, and preserving, under the pressure of public life, his classical interests, determined to seize the opportunity which office gave him to do something for his favourite studies. It was much to his official credit that Sir G. Cornwall Lewis resolved to send out a mission of inquiry to the libraries of Greece and Syria. The object of the mission was distinctly *not* acquisition. It was desirable to ascertain what MSS. exist, and so to put an end, once for all, to those vague rumours of undiscovered treasures, which, though growing fainter and fainter from century to century, have never ceased to agitate Western scholars since the revival of letters. The mission was empowered to purchase, if opportunity offered, but its avowed purpose was very judiciously limited to the primary object of ascertaining what we really have to count upon. It was requisite that the person entrusted with such a mission, should be qualified, not merely to describe the contents of each MS., but to decide on its age and critical value.

In obtaining the services of Mr. H. O. Coxe, Sub-librarian of the Bodleian, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was fortunate enough to secure a paleographer whose verdict on a Greek MS. no one will venture to challenge. Mr. Coxe left England in January, 1857, and returned in June. His report is now in the hands of the public. Owing to a limitation on his time, Mr. Coxe was obliged to leave unvisited the Seraglio Library, Athos, Meteora, and Trebizond, which had been originally included in his plan. But as regards those parts which he did visit, including, among others, Cairo, Jerusalem, Mar Saba, Candia, and Patmos, his report is conclusive. It must extinguish for ever all the hopes of classical scholars which have survived so many disappointments. It may now be pronounced as certain that no lost writer will be retrieved within that large circuit which Mr. Coxe's mission covered.

This result may disappoint a sort of vague and general expectation, but assuredly it will not surprise the few who are acquainted with the history of books. An unpleasant conclusion is always slow in making its way. It was hard to resign the so often promised Livy and Menander, and the lovers of literature were not unwilling to be gulled. At one time, any traveller returned from the East had but to recollect that Greek physician with whom he had spoken at Alexandria, and whose father had, when a boy, seen the last twenty books of Diodorus Siculus in a monastery on Mount Olympus, and all the Universities were in a flutter. Livy, however, was found to be the name with which the penny-a-liners of those days could conjure most unfaillingly. It is evidence of the wide popularity of that most inaccurate of historians, that "the lost books of Livy" were the favourite *vau* of the public. The more discerning few might desire, with Pitt, to call up Menander, or with Scaliger to handle a complete Diodorus, but the vulgar demand was ever for Livy. It is not to be supposed that the Dragomans and the Levanters would be deaf to our prayers. If Livy was to be looked for, it might have been supposed it would have been in the West; but the Greeks were perpetually finding the Latin historian somewhere about the Archipelago. As late as 1682 some Greeks of the Isle of Scio came to St. Germain's, and actually sold to Colbert a complete Livy, cheap, at 60,000 livres. A French frigate was to be sent to fetch it. But as Colbert naturally required delivery on payment, we need not be surprised to find that neither the Greeks of Scio nor "Tite Live" were heard of any more. This (1682) is about the latest discovery of the *original* Livy. How shy the public had grown by being hard-fished, we see, when a century later (1790) Vella ventured on "discovering" an Arabic translation only. We hear no more of the lost books of Livy now. When a forger operates in the market of literary credulity, he writes Uranus, or some equally obscure name, on his paper. Partly, Niebuhr has destroyed the credit of Livy—partly, the growth of modern literature has destroyed the public interest in the classics. But it has its cause, further, in a strengthening conviction among the Bibliomaniacs that no copies of any of the missing classics are any longer in existence.

Had, indeed, the close search and scrutiny of late years been instituted a century ago, something might still have been recovered. To come half-an-hour too late, when the last sheet has

just been cut up into battledores, is the romance of manuscript hunting. Something like this is the story which the searchers of the Greek Libraries have to tell. We need go no further back than the last century, 1728, when Cardinal Fleury sent out the two Abbés, Fourmont and Sévin. They brought back a rich harvest of books and saw many more. Among others the Library of Mavrocordato, Prince of Wallachia, was still in existence. It had been culled at a vast expense from the convent Libraries, and, says Sévin, "peut aller de pair avec celles des plus grands princes!" About fifty years later, Villosion describes the prodigious waste of old parchment which was still going on. The Albanians and Turkish soldiers were using Greek MSS. to clean their guns, and light their pipes with. The worm, more voracious and destructive in that climate than in ours, was incessant at its work. Whenever a number of volumes had reached a certain stage of decay, the monks, who could not read them, made a bonfire of the rubbish. Thus, at Patmos, about twenty years before Villosion's visit, the monks had burnt between 2000 and 3000 codices which had attained the final stage of decomposition. Yet it was from this library that, twenty years after Villosion, Clarke (E.D.) rescued the matchless Plato, with the inedited *scholia*, now in the Bodleian.

As the reports of successive voyagers dissipated mystery and destroyed hope, the failing expectation of scholars concentrated itself on the libraries of Athos and Patmos. Athos Mr. Coxe did not visit; but a catalogue is in preparation by M. le Barbier, who resided some months on Athos for the sole purpose of examining its libraries. As far as Patmos is concerned, Mr. Coxe's careful catalogue, specifying the contents and date of each MS., must extinguish the last faint ray of expectation. We cannot think that he need apologize for "giving to Patmos time which might have been more profitably spent in islands less generally known." For though Walpole, Guérin, and Tischendorf had each printed lists of this library, they were all incomplete. M. Guérin's, which is the most full and the most recent (1853), omits altogether the *age* of each *codex*—a most material point, but one to which the skill and experience of the young archæologist were not equal. Since Clarke's visit (1801), the MSS. in this celebrated Monastery of the Apocalypse have dwindled to 240. Of these, Mr. Coxe has catalogued with extreme care 131; of the rest, he assures us that no interest attaches to them. They are almost wholly ecclesiastical. The gem of the collection is an illuminated Book of Job (Sept. version), *codex revera splendidus*, of the end of the seventh, or beginning of the eighth century. They are rich in Evangelistaria and Lectionaria of early, but not the earliest, date—some in uncial letters, and fine specimens of calligraphy. The Fathers are chiefly Chrysostom, Gregory, and Basil. But there are only two classical MSS. in the whole collection—one of the Ajax and Electra of Sophocles, of very late date (sec. xv.); the other is the Diodorus which was seen by Clarke. This is an early MS., perhaps the earliest extant (sec. ix.). It contains Books xi.-xvi. As the other known MSS. for this portion of Diodorus' "Bibliotheca" are late and bad, it may be worth while that the attention of critics should be directed upon the Patmos volume. Its neglect hitherto, though it had been mentioned both by Villosion and Walpole, is probably owing to the description given of it by the former as *d'une main assez récente*.

Mr. Coxe regrets his having been prevented by the expiration of his time from entering the Library of the Seraglio. Permission to do so had been obtained on the day before he was obliged to leave Constantinople. It might be desirable, indeed, to have an accurate catalogue of the contents of this collection. But it has been examined, and we may rest assured that no classical remains can be retrieved from it. Dr. Carlyle, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and afterwards Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne, penetrated into it in 1800, when he was Chaplain to Lord Elgin's embassy. We have in Mr. Walpole's *Memoirs on European Turkey*, Dr. Carlyle's distinct assertion that it did not contain a single Greek MS. of any description. The books are almost wholly Arabic. However, two friends of Mr. Coxe, availing themselves of the permission which had been obtained for him, visited the Seraglio Library after his departure. They found twenty-two Greek MSS. None of these were of much importance; but the fact of the discovery might make us sceptical as to the more positive assurances of travellers on such subjects, were we to find so competent a person as Dr. Carlyle making so great an oversight. It is therefore to be supposed as highly probable, that these twenty-two Greek MSS. seen by the Hon. Percy Smythe (now Lord Strangford) and Dr. Mordtmann, have been placed in the Seraglio Library since Dr. Carlyle's visit.

THE TREASURY AND THE PUBLIC WORKS.

THE correspondence which passed between Sir Benjamin Hall and the late Treasury authorities with reference to the rebuilding of the Foreign Office, is now before the public, and furnishes a pleasing insight into the inner life of administration. The earlier portion of it contains the letters which passed and the minutes which were drafted with respect to the great competition of last year, and to the requisite purchase of property in the neighbourhood of Downing-street. These letters bear date in 1856. Then occurred the competition itself, the award, and the Parlia-

mentary discussions which resulted in the arrangement that for the present the Foreign Office only should be reconstructed—events upon which the published documents throw no light. We are at once transported to October 28, 1857, and introduced to a peremptory mandate signed by Mr. Wilson, and purporting to be written by the command of the Lords of the Treasury. It calls the First Commissioner of Works to report, after examination and consultation, upon "plans prepared by Mr. Pennethorne for a Foreign Office"—i.e., the old affair that had been submitted by Sir William Molesworth, and laid aside for its unsuitableness. The reason for this mandate is, that "My Lords have already been once called upon to pay an architect a large sum for plans prepared for a Foreign Office under a former Board of Works, and they are desirous of avoiding the charge for another rejected plan"—i.e., like an unthrifty housewife they have made a bad bargain, and, rather than own their mistake, they now try to force it upon the family. They wish to burn the house down, rather than not use the worthless stove. They prefer to break their necks, rather than not drive the jibbing horse. At the same time, Sir Benjamin is permitted to take advice upon the possibility of tacking on a house for the Foreign Minister. The reply reached the Treasury in a week, and contained a short recapitulation of the history of the recent competition—with the remark "that, in justice to the competitors, the Government is bound in the first instance, to consider the *premiated* designs," and that if they should not be precisely available, still the first prizeman should be called in to produce plans adapted to the actual site. "For," it was added, "if Mr. Pennethorne's plans are adopted, the competition will be wholly disregarded; and an architect who might have competed, but did not compete, would thus be substituted for the successful competitor." As to the saving of expense, Sir Benjamin pertinently observes that whoever received the order would be equally entitled to his five per cent. commission; and he truly remarks that architects entered the competition not for the "comparatively trifling sum" of which the prizes consisted, but for the "honour and credit of executing the offices." He winds up with expressing the apprehension that "if the Government should again, for any purpose, desire to have a competition, it will be found impossible, with such a precedent, to secure one."

Twenty-three days elapsed before the "Lords Commissioners" vouchsafed a reply. Its general tenor strikingly resembles the phrase so familiar in every ill-conducted nursery—"I won't be good, and nobody shall make me." Adverting to the fact that the competition for a new Foreign Office formed part of a "general scheme," they argue that, because the feeling of Parliament was adverse to the present prosecution of that scheme in its full extent, therefore that portion of it (the Foreign Office) which Parliament did not show itself disinclined to take up, was to be finished on different principles. The stalking-horse of another unlimited competition is then set up, to be demolished in the same sentence; and the question is disposed of by the pompous sophism, that "it by no means follows that the architect who conceives a design showing great architectural merit with reference to the embellishment of a large area, would be the best qualified to carry into effect a more simple plan having reference mainly to the fitting accommodation of a public department;" while the selection of Mr. Pennethorne in his stead is considered to be the step attended "with least invidiousness to the professional public."

Sir Benjamin Hall's reply tarried for a month, and was sent on the 28th of December. He commences with pressing upon the Treasury the necessity of providing that the new Foreign Office should "contain the same, or very nearly the same, extent of accommodation that the architects in the late competition were required to provide"—a pretty clear hint that Mr. Pennethorne's plan broke down in this respect. The only possible retrenchment is the Minister's house, and yet the Treasury are inclined to add one to the block. Then, after restating the general principle of the desirability of competition for "Government buildings of any importance in the metropolis," and reiterating the equitable suggestion of employing the prizeman to prepare another design for a more limited site, Sir Benjamin meets the personal objection—which we quoted from the second letter of the Treasury—by the simple fact that the first prize was "more especially" given to those designs for what the judges considered "the excellence of their internal arrangements," so that its "merits had reference to the building itself" and not to the area on which it stood. He prophesies that if the Treasury persists in its determination, "the character of the Government and of the office (the Public Works) for keeping faith with the profession of architects, will, I much fear, be most seriously compromised;" and he alludes to the possibility that when, for example, a new National Gallery has to be built, "architects of eminence may decline to compete for its erection." As to the plea brought forward by Mr. Wilson, that the premiums were sufficient rewards to the competitors, it is observed that to "the more accomplished architects those premiums were by no means remunerative in value, being wholly disproportionate to the time and talents they devoted to the competition." The answer to this letter—if answer it can be called—is dated on the 1st of February of the present year. It curtly recapitulates all the positions which the Treasury had previously taken up, and winds up with—"My Lords, on these considerations, feel

that they can only adhere to the opinion expressed in their letter of the 28th October last." Whatever rejoinder may have been pending from the Commissioner of Works, the division of the 19th of February nipped it in the bud.

The documents which we have thus epitomized might almost be left to speak for themselves. The pert insolence, the flippant assumption, the ungenerous special pleading of Mr. Wilson, or his backers, combine to present a perfect autobiographical photograph of official tyranny. On the other hand, the firmness and the good sense of Sir Benjamin Hall merit all praise. We do not, in any way, flinch from the criticisms which we have passed on the management of the competition, when we say that, accepting it as an accomplished fact—which of course Sir Benjamin did—he could not have acted in a more becoming spirit. As certainly was it impossible for any man, even a Secretary of the Treasury, to urge a worse alternative, or in a more ungraceful manner, than the late tenant of that place has done. After making every possible allowance in favour of "My Lords," or Mr. Wilson, on the score of artistic ignorance, peculiar views of honourable engagements, enthusiastic stinging, Spartan patriotism, or simple obstinate obstructiveness, we could not have anticipated so grotesque and petty a termination of a large-hearted attempt. We do not charge Mr. Wilson, or his superiors, with comprehending the reasons or the results of a free architectural competition. But he might at least have allowed us to credit him, or the "My Lords" in whose name he writes, with sufficient perception to comprehend that after so great an agitation, the one impossible standing-ground was that particular position the untenableness of which created the commotion. We decline to believe that even a Palmerston Treasury could have failed to observe that general consent (not to mention the conviction of its own Commissioner of Works) had decided that Mr. Pennethorne was not strong enough for the place. Only a Palmerston Treasury, we believe, would have attempted to solve the difficulty created by that weakness by a desperate and wilful relapse into the precise condition of acknowledged inefficiency.

Whether Sir Benjamin Hall's literal fulfilment of the terms of the competition, involved in the employment of Mr. Coe (the abstractedly right conclusion, were it not for the inherent defects of the particular trial), or the approximate one—which we suggest under the circumstances—of a fresh competition between the prizemen, be selected, is a matter of detail. Justice demands one or other of these conclusions. Justice prohibits any other expedient. Something stronger than prohibition—if there be anything stronger—interposes between this work and the employment of Mr. Pennethorne, who first occupied the field officially and without a competition, and, after breaking down, refused to justify his official position in the resultant competition.

We have assumed that the unexpected change of Government brought the correspondence to a premature conclusion, or rather to a standstill, and crystallized the superior department in the undignified attitude of pressing forward an unreasonable demand in truculent language, and the subordinate office in the chronic expression of a flat refusal. But enough has transpired to lead to the conclusion that Mr. Pennethorne's plan might still have been shipwrecked on its own positive demerits. To take one particular only, it seems abundantly clear, from the tone of Sir Benjamin Hall's last letter, that the favoured scheme was defective in the first requisite of a satisfactory public office—sufficient accommodation for the public service. Must we, however, assume that a cramped, dark, inconvenient Foreign Office, if only it bore the name of Pennethorne, was deemed an advantage, compared with a roomy, light, and cheerful building by any other man?

In the mean while, we are glad to learn that the Institute of British Architects has not been inactive. At its meeting on Monday last, a forcible memorial was read, which its governing body had decided to present to the Treasury, the Office of Works, and the War Department—detailing, in temperate but telling language, the grievance which would be inflicted upon the profession of architects by the slight cast by the late Government upon all honourable principles of competition, both in this matter of the Public Offices and in that of the Model Barracks. It is two years since the numerous designs for those Barracks were exhibited in Burlington House. This competition, which grew out of the report of a Parliamentary committee, was fostered by a promise from the War Department that the successful competitors for the first prizes both for Infantry and Cavalry Barracks should be employed in the next Barracks erected. Relying on this promise, many architects entered the field; and the reward of the premiated candidates—the Messrs. Wyatt and Mr. Morgan—has been to see themselves passed over, and the construction of Barracks at Aldershot and elsewhere, entrusted, as heretofore, to the regular official drudges. This memorial the House of Commons ordered *non. con.* (with the consent of the present Government) to be printed, on Thursday evening, and Parliament will, therefore, take official cognizance of it as soon as it receives the authenticated edition. It is impossible that such reiterated displays of bad faith can pass unchallenged. If the architects do not loudly and successfully protest against the wrongs which they have suffered, their independence will be gone, the good faith of the Executive sullied, and the cause of liberal competition shipwrecked.

SHAFTESBURY'S CHARACTERISTICS—A NEW EDITION.

ON Thursday, November 26, in a speech delivered at Crosby Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury protested against the reticence which had been observed on the horrible details of the Indian mutiny. "The people," he said, "ought to know what has been done. . . . the horrors that were perpetrated and endured exceed all power of imagination." So he went on—while declining to speak of "the indecency of the details, since they were such that you could not commit them to writing"—to describe actual scenes of "women lying naked on their backs," and exposed to "insults the most awful, the most degrading, the most horrible and frightful to the conception, and the most revolting;" and of "children cruelly and anatomically tortured in the presence of their horrified parents." This speech was commented upon, and its entire and strict veracity recognised, in a leading article of the *Times* of November 28. On January 29 appeared a letter in the *Times* written in India, with the signature of *Judea*, which, purporting to be the result of inquiries made on the spot, declared that nine-tenths of the stories of violation and abuse were utterly untrue; and the writer asserted that, having made it his business to ascertain the truth, he distinctly believed "that not one survived to tell of injuries suffered, and that not one mutilated, tortured, or, as far as he could gather, dishonoured person was alive." This letter, naturally enough, attracted a good deal of attention. Amongst others, it roused a writer signing himself "A Lover of Truth," who, in the *Times* of February 2, called attention to a speech of Lord Shaftesbury delivered in November, at Wimborne, in which his Lordship is reported to have said:—

I myself saw, the other day, a letter from the highest lady now in India, describing that, day by day, ladies were coming into Calcutta, their ears and their noses cut off, and their eyes put out; that children of the tenderest years have been reserved to be put to death under circumstances of the most exquisite torture.

"A Lover of Truth," faithful to his assumed designation, observed that Lord Shaftesbury was bound either to prove his assertion or to withdraw it. On the same day, a paragraph in the official type of the *Times* stated "that, with reference to cases of alleged mutilation by Indian mutineers, the General Relief Committee, after careful inquiries, have ascertained that no such cases have come down the Ganges, nor have any come to England." On February 3, "A Lover of Accuracy" denied, in a letter to the *Times*, that Lady Canning ever wrote such a letter as Lord Shaftesbury had imputed to her, and then demanded of Lord Shaftesbury who wrote the letter which his Lordship "saw," and by whose authority it was quoted by him. On February 4, Lord Shaftesbury, in another letter to the *Times*, remarked that some time before he spoke at Wimborne "he heard that there was a letter from the highest lady, &c., but that if, in the heat of speaking, he said 'he saw,' he had corrected this misstatement into 'he heard,' and that he had sent out a corrected report of his speech, which ran, 'I heard a letter from the highest lady,' but that, after all, what he meant to say was 'he heard of' a letter from the highest lady," &c. But he went on to add, "I have by me many letters narrating cases of still greater atrocity; but the sufferers or their relations shrink from any disclosure of their names."

Few thought it worth while to catechize Lord Shaftesbury any further. The man who could say, and who never denied that he had said, "he saw a letter," when it turned out that he only "heard of" a letter, was not worth powder and shot. People deemed Lord Shaftesbury's assertion as to a matter of fact worth no investigation, and it was at once generally assumed that "in the heat of" writing, the "letters in his possession" would prove to be as apocryphal as Lady Canning's "letter which he saw." Not so thought Mr. Hargreaves, of Craven Hill-gardens, who, in the *Daily News* of March 24, has printed a recent correspondence with Lord Shaftesbury. Pinning his Lordship to the letter of February 4, and to the statement that "many cases of mutilation had come to his Lordship's positive knowledge," Mr. Hargreaves asked for "the testimony on which that statement was founded;" because "the Calcutta Committee had found no such cases, the India Company had discovered none, none had come down the Ganges, none had arrived at Southampton, and though a lady had expressed a wish to leave a portion of her property to such unfortunates, the Directors of the East India Company had been unable to find a single case."

Lord Shaftesbury's reply is perfectly beautiful, and we only wish that there were a Pascal to show up the successor of Bunsen & Co. Mr. Hargreaves, be it observed, asks Lord Shaftesbury about the cases which he, Lord Shaftesbury, had deposed to, which had come under his Lordship's knowledge, and the testimony of which was in his possession. Hereupon—

Lord Shaftesbury presents his compliments, &c., and has the honour to state that his belief of the facts mentioned in the various papers of atrocities in India is quite unshaken.

That is to say, Mr. Hargreaves having asked about the mutilated "sufferers" whose cases had been detailed in certain "letters," which Lord Shaftesbury "had by him" on February 4—but who, being then alive, "declined to give their names"—to this very precise question Lord Shaftesbury replies by saying he still believed the newspaper accounts of the massacre of Cawnpore.

Mr. Hargreaves, nothing daunted, returns to the epistolary charge, and after a quiet hint at "contradictions so remarkable," ventures "to ask whether his Lordship is in a position to convey such particular information to the India Board that such cases as those described in the press and elsewhere really exist, by which means the lady's intentions may be fulfilled." Lord Shaftesbury's reply we must give *in extenso*—his letters are too good to be abridged:—

March 13, 1858.

Lord Shaftesbury presents his compliments, and requests leave to decline giving any names confidentially entrusted to him.

If Mr. Hargreaves desire a special case, he would do well to communicate with the "Eye Witness," who stated one in the *Times* of Feb. 5.

Lord Shaftesbury must add that most of the cases which have arrived in England are those of persons whose circumstances in life place them above poverty.

Mr. Hargreaves is pleased to hear that "most of the cases are out of the reach of poverty," and "cannot but conclude that the earlier statements have dwindled down to a number so exceptional as to leave our Indian fellow-subjects free from so terrible a stain."

At length Lord Shaftesbury is fairly nettled. Driven from point to point, he at last fairly breaks into a rage, and insults Mr. Hargreaves:—

March 17, 1858.

Lord Shaftesbury presents his compliments to Mr. Hargreaves. Lord Shaftesbury is of opinion that Mr. Hargreaves had better write to some one in India, and he will easily ascertain whether the cases of atrocity were few or many in that country.

The reply by Mr. Hargreaves to this insult would goad anybody whose moral organization is less pachydermatous than that of a veteran religious talker, into either proof or recantation—proof for the sake of those who, not being among the "most who have arrived in England," and whose circumstances happily place them above poverty, might stand in need of the lady's charity—or recantation for the sake of an old-fashioned virtue called truth:—

March 19th, 1858.

My Lord,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst. I am at a loss to conceive how any one in India can tell me that which must be known to your lordship alone; and with reference to the mutilations in general charged upon the Sepoys, that which the Relief Committee in Calcutta has failed to obtain proof of, your lordship can scarcely expect me to succeed in. But it is unnecessary to dwell on this point after the statements made in the House of Commons last night by the Chairman of the India Board. Mr. Mangles, it is quite clear, does not believe in the existence of a single case of mutilation. I have also before me a letter from the Secretary of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, which states that the Board of Directors, "having made inquiry on the subject, have not been able to discover that any case of mutilation has existed among the passengers who have returned to this country by the Company's steamers since the outbreak of the mutiny in India."

In the face of such evidence, I feel that it is trifling on a subject of the gravest importance to refer me to India. Holding, as your lordship does, a prominent position before the public, it seems to me that you are bound either to produce satisfactory proofs of the statements you have made on this subject, or to make a speedy recantation. No single individual is, I venture to think, more responsible in the matter than yourself.

These stories, so loosely told and so feebly supported, have stimulated to a frightful degree the vindictive passions of our countrymen: they have been the talk of the barrack-room and the bait of the recruiting sergeant, and the result has been an indiscriminate slaughter in India, which has sacrificed the innocent and the guilty alike.—I am, my lord, your obedient servant,

The Earl of Shaftesbury.

WM. HARGREAVES.

It is quite superfluous to enlarge upon all this. We have extracted the whole story as it stands in the newspapers. We draw no conclusions against Lord Shaftesbury, and no moral from the narrative. The writer of such letters as we have quoted is quite beyond any remarks of ours. He dwells, like the Epicurean gods, in a serene atmosphere, far above the motives or appeals of this common, vulgar, truth-seeking, accurate world. He contemplates only his own perfections and the interests of religion; though it may become a question to religion and to its particular people, whether its interests are best recommended by a champion of this peculiar sort. It is nothing to Lord Shaftesbury that, in "the heat of speech," he said the thing that is not—that he has lashed into frenzy the passions of an empire, and perhaps brought to death hundreds of innocent men in India. It is nothing to him whether the people of England have a right to know if their sisters and friends have been dishonoured or mutilated, or whether these stories are the result of "the heat of speech," or the carelessness of printers. His Lordship said that he had "seen" a certain letter. "Seen a letter, my Lord?" "Yes, seen a letter—heard a letter—heard of a letter—it's all the same. What matters about being accurate in such trifles? I only meant that I had heard of the letter. It is unlucky that the letter was never written; but never mind, I have now in my possession many such letters." "Who wrote them? where are the writers? I am anxious to provide for even one of them, to provide for her for life." "How troublesome you are—I tell you most of them don't want your money." "Is it so, my Lord? then at least some of them do; tell me of one." "Don't bother me—go to India if you want to find them out." This is the religious leader; only it is not quite the religion of which an Apostle speaks in these remarkable words—remarkable as in other things, so in their very curious and significant collocation, and so applicable to either alternative, whether Lord Shaftesbury's cases of mutilation do, or do not, exist:—"If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth

his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction"—which not only Lord Shaftesbury does not do, but actually prevents Mr. Hargreaves and the charitable lady from doing.

HINDOO WIDOW MARRIAGES.

THE following correspondence, which passed between an orthodox Brahmin and the editor of one of the most influential native newspapers at Madras, might be recommended to the careful perusal of the Nawab of Bareilly, before he ventures again on vague assertions as to the teaching of the Vedas and the Sâstras with regard to widow marriages, widow burnings, and similar subjects.

The pious correspondent begins with a prayer to Vishnu:—

Oh thou heavenly Boar, Vishnu, residing in Seitrîpôtti (in the neighbourhood of Madras), which place, rising like a mountain, is brilliant in its fulness, bless the inhabitants of the sea-girt Earth by knowledge which alone leads to virtue!

Then comes an address to the Editor:—

Among the followers of the six religions by which the four castes have been divided, there are but few to whom sound knowledge and good conduct have been granted. All the rest have been robbed of these blessings by the goddess of mischief. They will not find salvation either in this life or in the life to come. Now in order to benefit those miserable beings, there appears every Sunday morning your excellent paper, bearing on its front the three forms of Siva, and rising like the sun, the dispeller of darkness. Please to vouchsafe in that paper a small place to these lines. It is with that confident hope that I sharpen my pen and begin:—

For some time I have harboured great doubts within myself, and though I always intended to place them before the public in your newspaper, no opportunity seemed hitherto to offer itself. But you have yourself pronounced an opinion in one of your last numbers about infanticide, and you remark that it reveals a depravation more depraved than even the passion of lust. This seems a small saying, and yet it is so full of meaning that I should fain call it a drop of dew poised on the top of a blade of grass in which a mighty tree is fully reflected. It is true there is on earth no greater bliss than love. This is proved by the word of the poet: "Say, is the abode of the lotus-eyed god sweeter than a dream on the shoulders of the beloved?" No intoxication is so powerful as the intoxication of love. This is proved by another verse of the same poet: "Not the palm-wine, no, it is love which runs through the veins, and enraptures even by sight." Nay more, Love is a fire beyond all fires. And this also is proved by a verse of the poet: "If I fly, there is fire; if I am near her, there is refreshing coolness. Whence did she take that strange fire?"

And love leaves neither the high nor the low without temptation. Even the curly-haired Siva could not resist the power of love, as you may read in the story of Pandya and his Fish-flag, and in many other legends. Nor are women less moved by passion than men. And hence that secret criminal love, and, from fear of shame, the most awful of all crimes, infanticide! The child is killed, the mother frequently dies, and bad gossip follows; and her relations have to walk about with their heads bent low. Is it not all the consequence of that passion? And such things are going on among us, is it not so? It is said, indeed, that it is the fault of the present generation, and that good women would never commit such atrocities. But even in the patriarchal ages, which are called the virtuous ages, there was much vice, and it is owing to it that the present age is what it is. As the King, so the subjects. Where is chastity to be found among us? It is the exception, and no longer the rule. And what is the chief cause of all this misery?

It is because people are married in their tender infancy. If the husband dies before the child grows into a woman, how much suffering, how much temptation, will come upon her. The poet says:—"A woman that faithfully serves her husband, even though she serve not the gods, if she prays, Send us rain, it will rain." Women who heed this will no doubt walk the path of virtue. Yet it is a sad thought. There is much that is good and true and beautiful in our poet; people read it, but they do not act according to it. Most men follow another verse of the poet—"I swim about on the wild sea of love; I see no shore; the night also I am tossed about."

Alas, my dear Editor! All this hellish sin is the fault of father and mother who do not prevent it. If, in accordance with the Vedas, and in accordance with the sacred codes that are based on them, women were allowed to marry again, much temptation and shame would be avoided. But then the world calls out—"No, no, widow marriage is against all our rules, it is low and vulgar." Forsooth, tell me, are the holy four Vedas, which sprang from the lotus-born god, books of lies and blasphemy? If we are to believe this, then our sacred laws, which are all ordained in the Vedas, are branded as lies. If we continue in this path, it will be like a shower of honey running down from a roof of sugar to the heathen, who are always fond of abusing us. Do we read in the Vedas that a man only may marry two, three, or four times? Do we not read in the same place that a woman may marry at least twice? Let our wise masters ponder on this. Really we are shamed by the lowest castes. They follow the holy Vedas on this point, and we disregard them. O marvel of marvels! This country is full already of people who do not scruple to murder the sacred cow! Should murder of infants be added thereto, as though the murder of cows was not yet enough? My dear Editor, how long is our god likely to bear with this?

There is a good deal more in the same style, which is not quite adapted for publication in a more northern climate. At the end the Editor is exhorted not to follow the example of other editors, who are afraid of burning their fingers, and remain silent when they ought to speak. After some weeks, he published a reply. He fully agrees with the arguments of his correspondent, but he says that the writer does not sufficiently appreciate the importance of universal custom. Universal custom, he continues, is more powerful than books, however sacred. For books are read, but customs are followed. He then quotes the instance of a learned Brahmin, a great Sanscrit scholar. His daughter had become a child-widow. He began to search in the sacred writings in order to find whether the widow of a Brahmin was really forbidden to marry again. He found just the contrary, and was determined to give his daughter in marriage a second time. But all his relations came running to his house, entreating him not to do a thing so contrary to all etiquette, and the poor father was obliged to yield.

At the end, however, the Editor gives his correspondent some sensible advice. "Call a great meeting of wise men," he says. "Place the matter before them, and show the awful results of the present system. If some of them could be moved, then they might be of good cheer. A few should begin allowing their widowed children to marry. Others would follow, and the new custom would soon become general etiquette."

BACH'S PASSIONS-MUSIK.

THIRTY years ago, little more was known in England of Handel's Oratorios than the name, with the exception of the *Messiah*, and certain favourite pieces from his other works which were kept in remembrance by being performed at musical festivals and miscellaneous concerts. Since that time the exertions of the Sacred Harmonic Society have made the public familiar with a large number of his greatest works in their entirety. But at the present day the works of his great contemporary, Sebastian Bach, are far more unknown to us than were those of Handel at the time mentioned. His fugues only, the delight of organ-players, may be not unfrequently heard in cathedrals; but his numerous oratorios and ecclesiastical compositions have been utterly forgotten, and his mighty powers are no more than a tradition. Yet he passes for the equal of Handel, and by those who perhaps know most about him, is placed even higher as a master of his art. Bach was born in 1685, the same year as Handel; he died in 1750, Handel in 1759. Like Handel he was an instance of musical precocity; and, at ten years of age, found the lessons which he received from his elder brother, an organist, far too easy for his aspiring genius. At the age of eighteen, he became Court Musician at Weimar, and after filling sundry positions of importance, he was at length, in 1723, appointed Musical Director at Leipzig, where he remained till his death. Handel lived a bachelor, but Bach married and was the father of twenty children, several of whom became among the most distinguished musicians of their time. In composition he seems to have been indefatigable, and to the present day the number of his works is not exactly known, many yet lying hid in manuscript in private collections. Continental musicians, at least those of the olden school, speak of his works as without exception genial and original—not the most trifling among them fails to contain something valuable. We have before us a collection of 371 chorales, what we should call psalm-tunes, which are a perfectly inexhaustible mine for the student in composition, and are full of the most singular and beautiful combinations. His more elaborate vocal works abound certainly in difficulties, which render them repulsive to singers. They require a certainty of execution which is not easily attained by the many; for Bach treated the voice like an instrument, and requires the same independence and precision in attacking a note as is expected from a violin. It is an error, however, to suppose that learning and pedantry are his only, or his chief, recommendation. He is never deficient in meaning and expression, although his melodies have not the lightness and freedom which Handel attained, possibly by contact with the schools of Italy. Bach's dramatic power, which is not inferior to that of Handel, is more habitually under the influence of a devotional and ecclesiastical feeling.

To introduce a knowledge of the works of this great genius is the object of the Bach Society, instituted in 1849, under the auspices of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The society does not seem hitherto to have made much visible way. A performance of the Passions-Musik, three or four years ago, was the next thing to a failure. That which took place on Tuesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, was much more successful; and it may be hoped that the efforts of the Society will not stop here. The Passion is a species of composition which sprung up among the German Lutherans in the sixteenth century, and was the precursor of the Oratorio. The earliest known specimen is of the date 1573. It was a kind of ecclesiastical service, appropriated to Good Friday, the theme being the last incidents in the life of the Saviour. One of the evangelical narratives was taken as the basis, and this was delivered by a solo voice, hymns or chorales being introduced from time to time, somewhat in the manner of the Greek chorus. Gradually these compositions assumed more of a dramatic character, by the appropriation of dialogues (where such occurred in the narrative) to distinct voices, or to masses of voices, as the case might be; but they never assumed the purely dramatic form attained by the Greek tragedy, the narrative recital being retained till the last. Bach composed five Passions, which were the most perfect, as well as the last of their race. Three of them only are known to be now in existence, and of these three only two are printed. These two are the *Passion according to St. John*, and the *Passion according to St. Matthew*. The latter is said to be the greater work of the two, and indeed, the greatest work of its author, and it is this which was performed on Tuesday. It opens with a double chorus, overlying a chorale. It is a curious formal exordium, something like the beginning of a sermon, with a division of the subject logically into parts. This is followed by a couple of verses of narrative, recited by a tenor voice, and then comes a chorale moralizing upon the subject announced. Next come two verses of narrative from St. Matthew, and then a recitative and aria for an alto voice, with a peculiar obligato accompaniment of two flutes. Another narrative in nine verses succeeds, allotted, as is the

case throughout, to a tenor, while the speeches, attributed in it to different speakers, are taken by other voices or by the chorus. Again we come to chorale, "Thy sin it was which bound thee"—the most beautiful, perhaps, in the whole composition. And thus the story is gone through with interpolations of airs and chorales to the end. The airs have all obligato accompaniments of different instruments, the oboe, the violin, two flutes, or two violas. These accompaniments are singularly beautiful, and give great variety to the piece. A few free choruses are introduced, of colossal grandeur. With regard to the performance in general, it was decidedly satisfactory, though falling short of the perfection which a greater familiarity with the style of Bach may be expected to produce. Mr. Benson, who sang the narrative verses, is not possessed of declamatory power equal to the task. Mr. Weiss and Mr. Winn were more successful in the interlocutory parts allotted to them. The choruses rushed generally in too headlong a way to their work, without much attention to the finer shades of expression, and fugal points were not always taken up with that decision which is the life of compositions of this sort. The chorales, which are easier work, went well, with the exception of being too uniformly loud. The most striking parts were the obligato accompaniments, which were admirably played.

This much is manifest, that the *Passions-Musik* is a work calculated to excite the strongest sympathy in an audience. It is not something to be listened to as a mere musical curiosity, or the recreation of a few hours. It was written for the purposes of devotion, and every note of it is full of passionate intensity. A tendency to applaud, which could not be entirely repressed throughout the performance, was yet checked by the overpowering feeling of solemnity, and no part of the music was repeated, as would certainly have been the case in several instances, had not the majority of the audience felt the impropriety of gratifying the wish.

The Bach Society has sufficiently established the fact that we have, in the *Passions-Musik*, a work worthy to be placed by the side of the *Messiah*, though so different in form that it is impossible to institute any comparison between the two. They resemble one another in little else than in the intensity of the feeling which pervades them. We can fancy the effect of Bach's music when produced in the old town of Leipzig, redolent of Middle-age feelings and associations; but it may take some time before a London audience of the nineteenth century can be completely schooled into sympathy with it. But it is one of those works which are not for one age or place, but for all time; and we cannot doubt that it is destined to exercise an important influence upon us musically and intellectually, though it becomes known to us for the first time, a century after the death of its composer.

REVIEWS.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.*

THE seventh bulky volume of Alison's *History of Europe* since the Peace is in a certain sense its own justification, for, unless the work had commanded readers and purchasers, it must long since have arrived at a compulsory conclusion. The style and the mode of composition undoubtedly contain some elements of popularity, although they may be distasteful to acute and practised intellects. Ordinary minds willingly acquiesce in a prolixity which takes nothing for granted, as graminivorous animals find that the bulk of their food is equally indispensable with its nutritious properties. Sir Archibald Alison is no dealer in the concentrated essence of thought, but he is fluent and easy; so that if his sentences are sometimes confused, the general bearing of his paragraphs can always be sufficiently ascertained. It is not perhaps his fault that a history of the period from 1841 to 1848 produces an effect resembling that of a last week's newspaper, in reviving recollections which are at once familiar and obsolete. No human being is known to have read the *Annual Register* of any current year, although that useful publication contains valuable materials for the use of posterity. The present work is a more ambitious and voluminous attempt to anticipate the task of history before experience has shown the relative importance and the ultimate significance of events. In walking over the hot ashes of recent conflicts, the writer has endeavoured, not without considerable success, to maintain a tone of calmness and impartiality; and the effort has been rendered easier by the conviction which pervades his work, that he is recording the inevitable decline of the British Empire. The rashness of the Reformers and the treachery of Peel may alarm or irritate superficial observers, but at the worst they can only have accelerated the operation of a general law. Providence, which during the French war is known to have been on the side of the Tories, seems in these latter years to have interfered but seldom, and, except in the instance of the gold discoveries, only for purposes of punishment and destruction. The Irish famine is in some degree attributed to this exceptional agency; but the mysterious power which has exercised a malignant and irresistible influence over the fortunes of the country originated in the Bank Act of 1819, and assumes the form of a

* Alison's *History of Europe*, from 1815 to 1852. Vol. VII.

metallic currency. The suggestion that the monetary crisis of 1847 was attributable to the convertibility of bank-notes is by no means paradoxical or new; but it has not been generally known that the results extended to California, to Australia, and to the Crimea. "Peel's-bill Peel," as Cobbett called him, has more to answer for than the Bonaparte who terrified our fathers.

Who makes the quartern loaves and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Why he!

Yet, after all, his noxious bullion, like the spear of Achilles, ultimately cured the wound which it had inflicted:—

Such was the terrible monetary crisis of 1847 in Great Britain—the most disastrous and widespread of which there is any record in the annals of mankind. Its effects, not merely in the British Empire, but in both hemispheres, have been in the highest degree important, and in no instance has the agency of supreme wisdom in educing lasting good out of transitory evil been more conspicuous. Beyond all question, it was mainly instrumental in bringing to a crisis the general discontent in France, and overturning the corrupt Government of Louis Philippe; the suspension of credit, want of employment, and stagnation of industry among the workmen of Paris, which proved fatal to the Orleans dynasty, had its origin in the Bank Charter Act of London. It perpetuated through a course of years the misery first induced by the famine in Ireland; and gave rise to the prodigious and long-continued exodus of the Irish people, which has ended in transferring two millions of Celts from the shores of the Emerald Isle to the transatlantic wilds. It has given comparative security and unanimity to the British Empire, by extracting the thorn which had so long festered in its side, implanted by Irish suffering and envenomed by sacerdotal ambition. It has led to the overthrow of the monarchies of Austria and Prussia, and by bringing down the reserve of legitimacy in the shape of Russian battalions to the Hungarian plains, it subverted for a time the balance of power in Europe, impelled Nicholas into the career of Oriental ambition, and ultimately arranged the forces of the West against those of the East on the shores of the Crimea. Finally, it produced in the far West and South-east effects still more lasting and important; for by the money pressure it produced in America, it forced the United States into foreign aggression as the means of paying their domestic debts, transferred California from the lazy hands of the Spaniards, by whom its treasures had lain undiscovered for three hundred years, into the active grasp of the Anglo-Saxon; revealed to British enterprise, sent into exile by domestic suffering, the hidden treasures of Australia; and gave a permanent and beneficial impulse to the industry of the whole world, by providing a currency adequate to its increasing numbers and transactions in the treasures it brought to light in both hemispheres.

It was impossible for the historian of 1845 and 1846 to avoid the often-debated question whether Sir Robert Peel was a patriot or a traitor; and on this point Sir Archibald Alison seems to exhibit an amiable inconsistency. Unable to acquit, and unwilling to condemn, he intimates that the Minister, with the deepest perfidy, brought forward a measure which is rapidly reducing his country to a state of ruin; but he candidly admits that his motives were perfectly disinterested, and he is by no means disposed to attribute the introduction of Free Trade to any less respectable cause than the operation of a universal law. According to the Alisonian philosophy, nations, like individuals, contain in the elements of their growth the ultimate seeds of their dissolution. Healthy progress in agriculture and in general industry leads, through the accumulation of wealth and the development of civilization, to the expansion and aggrandizement of great cities. The town populations desire cheap food, to the detriment of the producers; and as their comparative power is constantly increasing, they ultimately succeed in opening the ports. By a necessary consequence cultivation declines; arable lands are thrown into pasture; and the hardy tillers of the soil, leaving their desert fields, crowd into the towns, which are again and again designated as the graves of the human race. The effects of slave labour in Italy under the Empire, combined with the gratuitous distribution of foreign corn to the citizens of Rome, are repeatedly quoted as warnings against the approaching dangers of England, or rather as illustrations of an imminent and unavoidable catastrophe. The terrified reader, overwhelmed by the copious eloquence of his prophetic teacher, scarcely ventures to ask himself whether all the wheat lands of England are really laid down with grass seeds, and acquiesces in the conclusion that the tenant-farmers of Lincolnshire have been supplanted by *villici* with gangs of slaves—wondering, at the same time, whether there is a daily distribution of corn at Charing-cross, before the hour at which the Adelphi and Lyceum are opened to the multitude at the expense of the State. In the presence of such misfortunes few will care to investigate the merits of an individual statesman. It is only the moralist who has time to regret "that we have fallen into such days as those, when a Marlborough was elevated to the height of greatness by betraying one Sovereign, and Ney suffered the death of a traitor for attempting to betray another." There are, however, triflers who, amid the wreck of empires, still busy themselves with questions of superfluous curiosity; and some may ask what those days were in which Marlborough and Ney contemporaneously experienced opposite fortunes, and how the execution of a French Marshal for deserting from Louis XVIII. resembles the promotion of an English officer who abandoned James II. It is a relief to find, that although all parties concurred in the melancholy conclusion which has been quoted, "a calm consideration of the case must, in justice to Sir Robert Peel, very materially modify those opinions."

The least ambitious parts of the work will perhaps be found most useful. The summaries of Parliamentary debates which are included in the text are drawn up with care and impartiality; but the reasons put forward by the supporters or opponents of political measures seldom form a part of legitimate history. Those who have witnessed the actual results can feel but a faint

interest in the predictions which have been verified or contradicted by the event. It is intolerably tiresome to be reminded of the grounds on which Lord John Russell supported an Irish Arms Act if he was in office, or threw it out when it happened to involve the fate of a hostile Ministry. The motives of statesmen are often concealed from contemporary observation; but the arguments by which they attempt to influence public opinion are notorious at the time, and afterwards comparatively immaterial. Nevertheless, the pages which are devoted to the record of Parliamentary proceedings may possibly be useful to readers who are too young to remember the contests of ten or twelve years ago. Sir Archibald Alison himself must regard the actors in the drama with a benevolent compassion, when he reflects on their universal ignorance of the great law of destiny which they were unconsciously helping to fulfil. Personal ability and honesty of purpose may still command respect; but gold and Free Trade were carrying out their deadly mission whether Whigs or Tories were in power.

Delineations of personal character are more interesting than Parliamentary reports, and it is not surprising that an oratorical historian should indulge in the composition of elaborate contemporary portraits. The period, however, which is comprised in the present volume, included within its limits but one entire political career. Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell had been introduced upon the stage long before; and the formal analysis of Mr. Disraeli's genius is reserved for a subsequent volume. The eulogy which is devoted to the memory of Lord George Bentinck converts into a faultless hero that spirited, hard-headed, and hard-mouthed partisan. His countenance may possibly have been, as his admirer declares, a model of manly beauty; but he can scarcely be described as a young man leading a body of veterans in the Corn-law struggle. The statement that he had been for three years private secretary to Mr. Canning, who died in 1827, might have suggested the conclusion that he must have arrived at mature years in 1845. The acquisition of political importance after so long an interval of obscurity constitutes the only remarkable peculiarity of his career. The secession of all the Conservative statesmen left the party without a leader; and it was found, to the surprise of all men, that Lord George Bentinck possessed unequalled qualifications for the vacant post. The nature of the contest was exceptional, inasmuch as feeling was opposed to reason, while the hope of early revenge seemed a compensation for the obvious impossibility of success. It was desirable that the champion of the defeated cause should combine a high personal bearing with a total absence of delicacy or scruple when the interests of faction were at stake. Lord George Bentinck brought to the performance of his task all the qualities and defects which were best suited to the purpose. Incapable of candour to an opponent, but commanding the attachment of his friends, skilful in calculation and impervious to reasoning, an adept in statistics although he never understood the rudiments of political economy, the Protectionist leader combined the acuteness of an attorney and the memory of an actuary with the resolute obstinacy of an old-fashioned farmer. His lieutenant and biographer performed a still more remarkable feat when he succeeded to the command of the party, without the aid of connexion, of personal popularity, or of sympathy with any single article of the creed which his followers professed; but it may be doubted whether the malcontents of 1846 could have rallied except under a chief who shared as heartily in their economical prejudices as in their animosity against Sir Robert Peel. It is not surprising that Sir Archibald Alison should feel a cordial sympathy for the vigorous antagonist of modern enlightenment and degeneracy.

The characters assigned to contemporary French politicians are colourless copies from portraits of questionable fidelity; and the numerous marginal references to the work of Cassagnac show that recent history may be written without the necessity of recondite research. The cycle of events which commenced at the beginning of 1848 is too important to be recorded from a recollection of newspapers and of pamphlets. A mere book of reference might be composed in a less ambitious style; and the humblest annalist would hesitate to quote a despatch forwarded by Lord Palmerston to Lord Ponsonby from the French translation of a writer who was professedly hostile to the policy of England. References to Lamartine's account of the Revolution of 1848 may be thought more excusable; but a moderate exercise of the critical faculty would lead to utter disregard of the most singular record of mendacious vanity which is to be found in political literature. It is an unlucky circumstance that none of the actors in the Revolution of February seem to possess the faculty either of telling the truth or of uttering their respective fictions in concert.

Future writers may perhaps follow the example of Mr. Buckle, by showing the connexion of carbon with civilization, and laying down the chemical conditions of history; but Sir Archibald Alison, like Lord Derby, belongs to the ante-scientific era, and finds the gloomy labyrinths of paper currency sufficiently obscure and impressive for his purpose. In one instance only he is tempted to expatiate in the regions of natural history, until he stumbles on a physiological paradox which seems to require further elucidation. The discovery is introduced by a passage of characteristic eloquence on a subject which has hitherto been considered rather useful than ornamental. Since the pious hawkers of Constantinople solemnly ejaculated "In the name of

the Prophet, figs!" no article of domestic use has been described in so exalted a strain:—

Planted originally in the mountains of Peru, THE POTATO possesses the qualities which distinctly mark it as the destined food, in part at least, of a large portion of mankind. It flourishes in nearly every climate except the very warmest and the very coldest; more sensitive to frost than even the dahlia or geranium, it is to be seen in perfection in every region of the globe except the tropics or the Arctic circle. During the brief months of summer, it makes its way and arrives at maturity in every part of the temperate zone. The roots in their natural state are not much larger than a strawberry: under the fostering hand of culture they swell to ten or sometimes twenty times the size. It is far more productive, when brought to perfection by cultivation, of food for the use of man, than any cereal; it yields, on an equal space, three times as much for his sustenance as the best wheat crop. Like civilization, however, of which it is the attendant and support, it involves in itself the seeds of corruption in its latest and most advanced stages, which threaten calamities as great to the physical necessities of man as the depravity which often overspreads a wealthy and luxurious society does to his moral. But the wisdom of nature has provided a remedy for the one as well as for the other—like the human race, the succulent and prolific plant can be propagated by seminal descent as well as by the propagation of slips, and a new and unimpaired race be induced by the planting of fresh seeds in a region where the former race has been degraded by a long course of artificial culture.

It seems that the hopeless aspiration of Adam after his fall is realized in these later times. It will no longer be asked why Divine Wisdom did not—

fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?

Henceforth the human race, like the succulent and prolific potato, may, it seems, be propagated by slips; yet it is to be feared that men will share in the decay of the analogous plant, from precisely the same causes. The potato-rot not only resembles the decay of civilization, but it is intimately connected with cash payments:—

Then was seen what, under the existing monetary system, three weeks' rain in August can do in the British Isles. Hardly had Parliament separated on the 9th of August, amidst general congratulations for the past, and the warmest anticipations for the future, when the heavens seemed to open, and incessant deluges overspread the already saturated earth. These were accompanied by violent thunderstorms, in the course of which the electric fluid descended in sheets of flame into "the green and deluged earth."

Lightning is not uncommon in thunderstorms; but if Parliament, instead of separating, had repealed the Act of 1819, the electric fluid might, it seems, have descended without affecting the soundness of the root, which "during the brief months of summer, makes its way and arrives at maturity." It is frightful to think of the future effects which rainy weather may produce under the fatal influence of our existing monetary system.

MITLA.*

THERE are certainly few pleasanter books of travel than those which are written by Germans. There is a union of gentleness and spirit about them which is very attractive. M. Von Tempsky is an excellent instance of the good qualities of his countrymen in this respect. There is a light, cheerful, hearty tone about his account of his journey through Mexico, which is all the more pleasant for being entirely free from anything like flippancy or affectation. His journey, made principally on horseback, extended through the whole length of Mexico, passing as nearly as possible through the centre of the country, and along the South of Guatemala and Salvador, not very far from the coast of the Pacific. He started from Mazatlan, on the Pacific, and from thence travelled inland to Durango. At Durango he turned to the South, and passing by Zocatecas and Guanajuato arrived at the city of Mexico. After some short stay there, he proceeded South and West, till he reached the ruins of Mitla, from which his book receives its name; and thence he proceeds through Tehuantepec, Anasaltenago, and the city of Guatemala (the capital of the State of that name) to the port of La Union, on the Bay of Fonseca, where, after a land journey of 2400 miles he embarked for Costa Rica. His journey thus carried him through the whole length of Mexico, and his account of the state both of the country and of the natives, is on every account well worth reading. His voyage from California to Mazatlan was in itself remarkable enough. The ship contained no less than four captains, all Frenchmen, and all claiming authority—one as owner of the vessel, another as mate, a third because he worked his passage, and the fourth because he paid for his. The crew consisted of two Englishmen, one Yankee, one Italian, one Spaniard, one Malay, and a French cook, and the language talked on board was Spanish. The most respectable part of the passengers were some eminent and well-behaved robbers, who had "served under the colours of Jonquin, the most famous robber of California." The rest were ruined Mexicans of both sexes, who were returning from California with the laudable intention of living on their friends and relations. The voyage at last ended at Mazatlan, whence M. Von Tempsky and his friends travelled on foot to Durango. The latter part of the road was traversed under considerable fear of the Comanche Indians, who are the scourge of this, and indeed of most other parts of Mexico, for the cowardice of the Mexicans in general, and of their

soldiers in particular, is something perfectly ominous. A short time before the party reached Durango, they passed the corpses of no less than twenty-nine persons who had all been murdered by the Indians, and who had formed a party which they had themselves been invited to join.

At Durango—which is, or rather was, a considerable city in the North of Mexico—M. Von Tempsky passed between three and four months, and had apparently an excellent opportunity of observing the general routine of Mexican town life. Fifteen years ago the city numbered 30,000 inhabitants, but it has been wasted by cholera and famine, until it had dwindled in 1853 to 8000. The streets, especially during the middle of the day, are to the last degree dead and dismal; but towards evening the population appear, and ride and walk in an open public place called the Alameda. Riding, flirting, and music are the favourite amusements, and may almost be described as the most serious occupation of all those who are above the necessity of daily labour. They have also a good deal of bull-fighting, an amusement of the origin of which M. Von Tempsky gives an account which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. He says that it arises from the circumstance that the management of cattle is almost the only manly and athletic occupation within reach of the population. The vast cattle estates make it necessary for the cattle-drivers to learn from their earliest years how to manage wild cattle, and to avoid their charges during the process of catching and killing them. Thus they become *toreros*, or bull-fighters, almost unconsciously. They are the only class of the population who have the commonest kind of manly spirit about them. No words can adequately describe the cowardice of the mass of the population. The Comanche Indians (whom M. Von Tempsky considers to be rather a conglomeration of various remnants of tribes than a separate people) appeared amongst them some years ago, and have gradually increased in number and audacity, till they have made much of the northern part of the country altogether uninhabitable for white men. They are naked savages, armed only with bows, arrows, and lances; but they are bold, hardy, and most incomparable horsemen. When hard pressed, they can ride one hundred miles a day. Their audacity and contempt for the Mexicans are extraordinary. A party of them once rode through the suburbs, lancing some of the men, and carrying off a few of the women whom they met. Indeed, their contempt was natural enough; for on one occasion M. Von Tempsky saw a body of two hundred lancers enter Durango, who had just been utterly defeated, with the loss of from twenty to thirty men, by a party of fifteen Indians on foot and one on horseback.

In December, 1853, M. Von Tempsky left Durango on horseback for the city of Mexico, in company with two of his countrymen. They were excellently mounted, and greatly enjoyed their journey, though they once passed within sight of a cavalcade of about two hundred Indians, who, however, did not see them; and once they had a very severe skirmish with certain robbers, three of whom they shot, M. Von Tempsky receiving an awkward stab near the ankle from one of them who crawled under his horse. The pleasantest persons to whom their journey introduced them were *Rancheros*—a sort of yeomen who keep cattle on the vast open plains in which the country abounds. They are much the most manly, hearty, and hospitable part of the population; and some of them have virtues which go far to mitigate the national reproach of cowardice. M. Von Tempsky knew a man who had on one occasion attacked, single-handed, no less than twelve Indians, and killed or disabled four of them. This was, however, a very exceptional case indeed.

After something more than a month's journey, the party reached the city of Mexico. It is rapidly losing its distinctive and characteristic features. The inhabitants have adopted a sort of thin varnish of European manners, and have lost whatever was picturesque or convenient in their national dress and customs without gaining any of the virtues of the wearers of tail-coats and chimney-pot hats. There are an immense number of foreigners in Mexico, mostly French and Germans, though there are a few English and North Americans. The French are at first most popular, on account of their education—which means, says M. Von Tempsky, "that every Frenchman can make his bow." After a time, however, the Mexican, in a true pot-and-kettle spirit, gets to dislike the Frenchman for being "volatile." Englishmen are disliked because they are too much for Mexican nerves. North Americans are detested because, with all the energy of the English, they have, says M. Von Tempsky, no principle. The Germans are the most popular, being as honourable as the English and much milder of mood. Whilst in Mexico, M. Von Tempsky saw a remarkable illustration of one characteristic phase of modern society. The whole world is covered with the strange waifs and strays of our European revolutions; and Mexico, during the fortnight of M. Von Tempsky's stay, was in desperate agitation about the discovery of a plot entered into by a certain Count de Raoussette Boulbon for invading Mexico from California and overthrowing the Government. The Count had entered California in 1849, where he found numbers of his countrymen who had drawn prizes in the lottery of the *lingot d'or*, or had been exported at the expense of the Government during the days of June. Most of them were more or less soldiers, and were extremely ready to follow the Count, who had seen a good deal of war as an amateur in Algeria, wherever

* *Mitla*. A Narrative of Incidents and Personal Adventures on a Journey in Mexico, Guatemala, and Salvador, in the years 1853 to 1855, with observations on the Modes of Life in those Countries. By G. F. Von Tempsky. Edited by J. S. Ball. London: Longmans. 1859.

he chose to lead them. He enlisted two hundred men, and made a sort of raid at their head into the province of Sonora, the northernmost part of Mexico, where he discovered some rich silver mines, and fought both the Mexicans and Indians who disputed the right to them. Ultimately he took possession of the capital of the province, and held it till the Sonorians bribed his forces to abandon him, on which he returned to California. He ultimately found means to raise another body of men with whom he went to Mazatlan, in order to endeavour to excite a revolution, and to supplant Santa Anna. He was, however, betrayed, captured, and shot. There is something in this episode strangely characteristic of the present condition of society—so demure and orderly in one or two European countries, and yet full of elements which become utterly wild and ungovernable as soon as the restraints of European life are removed.

After a short stay at Mexico, M. Von Tempsky pursued his journey towards Guatemala. He witnessed one of the murders with which balls seem not very unfrequently to conclude in that part of the world, and also examined a set of ruins at Mitla. We cannot say that they appear to us to possess any particular interest. He also underwent unnumbered woes from mosquitoes, and had an opportunity of witnessing the ravages of locusts, who are most loathsome as well as most destructive creatures. Inasmuch, however, as the land bears four harvests in the year, and returns a thousandfold, the amount of injury which they inflict is hardly proportioned to their apparent means of inflicting it. Perhaps the most curious thing that M. Von Tempsky saw in the whole course of his journey, was the Indian community of Santa Catarina, which still maintains its independence and its native peculiarities in the mountains of Guatemala. They number more than twenty-four thousand, and though they retain their national institutions, and in some measure their national religion, they have submitted to a wonderful extent to a Catholic priest, Don Vicente, who has obtained the greatest possible influence over them. They still, however, have a native high-priest as well, who, in emergencies, propitiates the Evil Principle by various rites, and even by human sacrifices. M. Von Tempsky saw this man, who had a great respect for the priest of the Good Power, and was, indeed, most submissive and friendly. The triumph of Don Vicente over the Indians, and the difficulties and dangers which he underwent before he attained it, make up one of the most curious stories we ever remember to have read.

At Antigua, the ancient capital of Guatemala, M. Von Tempsky was interrupted in the midst of his dinner by an earthquake, which lasted at intervals for no less than a fortnight. His description of it is very graphic:—

It was a curious sight to stand at the top of some of the inclined streets, and watch the perspective of it under a shock. You could see the movement coming like a wave, rolling and swaying onward up-hill. The movement was not ubiquitous. It advanced slowly from the lower part of the town, the houses saluting their *vis-à-vis*, the steeples shaking their heads, all amid deep silence.

M. Von Tempsky considers the Guatemalans a finer race than the Mexicans, and more courageous. They have amongst them a good many pure Spanish families, and they occasionally commit suicide, a crime for which no Mexican can pluck up sufficient spirit. From Guatemala M. Von Tempsky passed without much adventure through the little state of Salvador, and sailed in January, 1855, from La Union, regretting principally his parting with his horse which had carried him faithfully and excellently well through a journey of more than two thousand miles.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

Second Notice.

THE latter years of Henry's reign were occupied chiefly with wars in Scotland and France that have little interest for the modern reader. Their conduct shows, indeed, that the affairs of England were in strong hands, and that the King was well served. They were also the results of a policy which, especially as to Scotland, was large and wise; but the details are very unexciting. It is not, however, the least merit of Mr. Froude's history that he can tell a dull story well. Perhaps, when the level of his subject is higher, he is apt to pitch the tone of his remarks with a loftiness a little too constant, and the sobriety of historical narrative is exchanged for a protracted alternation of State-papers and imaginative comments. But Mr. Froude can recount those series of unimportant events which make up so large a portion of every period of history with a life and grace rare among historians. He has also in these volumes, as we have before remarked, succeeded more than once in finding materials so new and so copious, as to make the story he has to tell almost entirely new. Perhaps the two most conspicuous instances are the history of the Pilgrimage of Grace, and a sketch of the application of the English Criminal Law and of Crime in England under Henry.

We cannot better describe the extent to which Mr. Froude's researches have enabled him to throw light on the Pilgrimage of Grace than by saying that his narrative of this insurrection is about twenty times as long as Dr. Lingard's; and as Dr. Lingard was a painstaking man, and tells with very tolerable com-

pleteness all that printed authorities enabled him to tell, it is easy to judge how much Mr. Froude has found in the manuscripts of the Rolls House to illustrate this very curious and important movement. The principal new authority is the examination of Robert Aske, the head of the insurgents. But Mr. Froude also refers to many other documents which show the causes of the insurrection and the feelings which animated its leaders. In no part of his history do we feel that he brings us so nearly to the times of which he speaks. He sketches the different grievances which different classes had to urge. The large landowners had been disappointed of the spoil which they had hoped to reap from the dissolution of the monasteries. The country gentlemen regretted the abbots who had been the friends of the family, and the monks who had been the teachers of their children. They complained that the new Statute of Uses made it difficult to provide for younger sons, as land could not be devised by will. The common people urged that they suffered greatly by the introduction of large grazing farms, and all classes had to lament the increase of law expenses consequent upon the breaking up of the local jurisdictions. That the north of England was strongly Catholic is not a new fact, but the strength of the feeling may be realized more fully when we read that Cromwell's excellent design of establishing a parish register had given birth there to a report that a fine was to be paid to the Crown on every wedding, funeral, or christening, and that it was believed the destruction of every parish church was to follow the dissolution of the monasteries.

The perusal of a great variety of miscellaneous documents has also enabled Mr. Froude to give a sketch of the state of crime in England. He finds proof that the extremely severe criminal law was very gently administered. Juries were reluctant to convict, and magistrates to sentence. The reports of the judges on their assizes, of which many remain in the State Paper Office, make apparent the rarity of capital convictions; and the arm of the law was in every way fettered. A sanctuary was to be found even under the very walls of Newgate, and armed gangs of ruffians met to overawe the authorities at assizes and sessions. In the spring of 1535, the Sessions at Taunton and Bridgewater were actually dissolved by force; and at Chichester force was rendered unnecessary by three of a gang of burglars being on the jury. In the south-west of England, the magistrates were so negligent, and permitted lawlessness to have its own way so completely, that the King sent an address of reproof to them. At last the matter was taken up strongly. Special commissions were issued, and enough summary justice was executed to make the hand of the law once more really felt. The whole of the narrative describing the disease and its remedy is highly interesting, and gives Mr. Froude a superiority over his predecessors which cannot be denied.

But it is otherwise when we come to speak of the vexed points of Henry's reign. We do not find that Mr. Froude has anything to add to the established narrative of the execution of Surrey and attainder of Norfolk. The King had played one of the two great parties against the other, until at the very close of his life he determined to give the decided preponderance to the Reformers, headed by the Seymour family. On grounds partly private and partly public, he had come to the conclusion that this party should govern when he was dead. Having arrived at this decision, he examined what would endanger its realization. Naturally, he saw the Howards would be the source of peril. He therefore determined to remove them. That this is the true account of the affair is, we should think, indisputable, and there can be as little doubt that Henry was right in his anticipations, and that Surrey would have attempted to upset the Regency, and have used the weapons of opposition which he conceived necessary. The Regency was composed of men who would have been sure to give him abundant opportunity. Therefore, we may take, if we like, the broad ground that the King had framed a policy, and that when he saw that the death of the probable adversaries of this policy could alone give his intentions a fair chance of being executed, he ordered that these persons should be got rid of; in which case we have no further inquiry than to ask whether, according to the standard of morality in those days, such an act was justifiable. Mr. Froude says it was, and it may perhaps be acknowledged that Charles V. and Francis I. would not have hesitated to do what Henry did. It has, however, always been objected that, in the particular case of a King of England, there were institutions in the country—parliaments and juries—which, had free play been given them, would have checked him. But Mr. Froude does not rest content with this broad ground. He goes into superfluous pleading that the conduct of Henry to Surrey and Norfolk was not only politically but legally justifiable. We will not follow him into his arguments, because we feel sure that under Henry VIII. the announcement that a subject was tried for treason was, in fact, a direction, implicitly obeyed, that juries should convict and parliaments attain. If it were meant that a free parliament and an unbiassed jury would pronounce that treason had been actually committed upon the evidence offered in the cases of Surrey and Norfolk, we must entirely dissent.

Mr. Froude at the close of the fourth volume sums up the character of the King. He tells us that he began his inquiries with an impression adverse to Henry, but that his antipathies melted away as he went on reading document after document in

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vols. III. and IV. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1855.

which Henry's greatness, wisdom, and sincere anxiety to benefit his people were apparent. Mr. Froude's book will, we think, make it felt more deeply and widely than heretofore, that if Henry VIII. was a despot, if he sacrificed men and institutions to a policy, he was yet acting with public aims as well as from personal motives, and that he was a man of singular ability and power. He made the influence of England felt in Europe, he viewed politics on a large scale, he acted so as to command if not sympathy, at least fear and admiration. Of course this is no answer to those who say that the evil lay not in the use of despotic power, but in its assumption; but it is an answer to those who look on Henry as a mere selfish and capricious tyrant. Henry guided England through the crisis of the Reformation by means often more than doubtful, and not seldom a little absurd, but still with practical sense, and with correctness of general aim. He brought the law to bear on the rich as well as the poor. He fostered the growth of what was afterwards to be the strength of a free country—an expansive aristocracy, and a flourishing middle class. And whatever was done under him, was done under his immediate direction and guidance. The zeal he displayed in the personal conduct of public affairs was marvellous, and his industry unremitted. There is no great faith to be placed in the language of contemporary flatterers; but still we can neither doubt nor wonder that Henry struck his generation as a really remarkable man.

Mr. Froude, however, will not stop here. He justifies almost every particular act of Henry's reign. Sometimes, indeed, he bestows a passing word of censure, but so sparingly, that the general effect of his book is that of one long panegyric. It is this uniformity of approbation, and the subtlety, and often the transparent thinness of argument by which it is supported, that makes the narrative appear, perhaps, less impartial than it really is. Mr. Froude will not admit mixed motives. He finds, for instance, that Henry is accused of licentiousness, and that the chief ground of the accusation is, that he married with such extraordinary rapidity five times after the divorce from Catharine. But it is well known that both Henry and the nation had the best reasons for wishing that there should be a male heir to the Crown. This accounts to Mr. Froude for all the matrimonial eccentricities of the King. It explains everything. Now, there are not wanting grounds, adopted by our author himself, why something of mixed feelings should, in this matter, be held fairly attributable to the King. Mr. Froude, for example, believes the story that Surrey had attempted to persuade his own sister, the Duchess of Richmond, to become the King's mistress, in order that she might influence him in favour of the reactionary party. He tells us that this story is confirmed by the deposition of the Duchess, which still exists in manuscript, although unfortunately he does not give us her words. But if the story is true, what a view it gives us of the light in which the King was regarded by those who were in a position, from a long attendance at Court, to know him most intimately. Surrey wished that his sister should go to Court; and then, it being assumed as certain that if she gave a little encouragement the King would make overtures to her, she was to grant what he asked. The Duchess of Richmond was the widow of the King's own natural son; and thus Mr. Froude unhesitatingly adopts a story as true which describes one of the leading courtiers of Henry VIII. speculating on the certainty that the King would make a mistress of his daughter-in-law, if she did but go near him and behave herself agreeably. Certainly Lord Surrey was not as well satisfied as Mr. Froude, from the mere statements of Parliament, that the King was always guided in his relations with women simply by considerations of the public good. In this, as in other respects, Mr. Froude has restored a portion of the truth, by giving credit to the King for all that was commendable and public spirited in him; but we cannot feel sure that we have the whole truth, and the exact truth, in his volumes.

THE GALLEY SLAVE AND HIS DAUGHTER.*

THE qualifications thought necessary for a writer of a thorough-going Protestant religious novel are peculiar. He (or she, for it is more commonly a female) must possess bigotry, while professing to rebuke bigotry—ignorance, while making a show of learning—cant, while pretending to godliness—and an aptitude for wresting aside and perverting Scripture, while feigning the highest reverence for God's Word. These ingredients, especially if combined with an exciting plot and a judicious admixture of carnal love, will produce a story sure to go down with the so-called religious world as Gospel truth.

All this is very sad; but if these godly folk are taken in, they have only themselves to blame. Ordinary works of fiction being utterly tabooed among them, they find a craving, among the younger part of their flock at least, for something to indulge and exercise the imagination; and such books as these are allowed much on the same principle as the quack medicine is administered to their little ones, well concealed in a spoonful of jam. The jam is winked at for the sake of the saving power of the powder. The readers of such works, we would fain hope, little know the deleterious trash thus administered; but as they

wilfully shut their eyes and ears against warning, we fear they are scarcely likely to know. However, there are others not committed to the "straitest sect," who may be deceived, and, while imagining they are reading a truthful tale, may be led into taking for granted all the distortions of theological controversy which are contained therein. To them our caution may be useful, and we warn them to look upon the religious discussions which such works are designed to be the vehicle of propagating, as no less fictitious and unreal than the story in which they are wrapped up.

The book before us is a first-rate sample of the sort. Published in Dublin, and intended doubtless for extensive circulation in benighted Ireland, its claims to bigotry are undeniable. It sounds the war cry of William of Orange in the midst of an excitable Roman Catholic people—it paints them all as hyenas thirsting for the blood of the pure and godly Protestants, who are all pure and godly for dissenting from Rome, no matter what other form of error they may have plunged into. It even goes the length of "making the *poinard* (sic) of the fanatic Ravallac God's instrument of retribution by an assassin hand to send Henry IV. before the tribunal where he must give in an account of his stewardship!" The ignorance (real or pretended), the suppression, and the perversion of historical facts are equally great. To depict all the French Catholics as influenced by the same insane hatred to the Huguenots as Louis XIV., and all the French Protestants as having no other motives than an overpowering love for truth and zeal for pure religion, is a direct falsification of history. It is an allowed fact that visionary schemes of a republic, and an avowed hostility to kingly power actuated very many, and that such lawless hordes as the Camisards, whose proceedings our authoress has painted in such bright colours, contained a large admixture of social outcasts and lawless ruffians. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and its effects were quite bad enough to insure our compassion towards the oppressed, without the addition of exaggeration or misrepresentation; and this attempt to whitewash all who joined the Huguenots in their resistance to Louis's tyranny and cruelty tends rather to weaken than to strengthen our sympathies with the sufferers. Geneva, the Zoar of Protestant fugitives, is described as a second Jerusalem, at peace with itself and loving towards all men; whereas history tells us that the only point on which the godly were agreed was hatred to Rome, but that among themselves "they were the prey of intestine disputes, and divided in such a deplorable manner that the whole country became a scene of contention, animosity, and strife."

The profession in the preface that every detail in the story is taken from history, and that no part is mere fiction, led us to suspect that our authoress did not feel quite so safe on this point as she wished to appear. We very much doubt if she can verify from any source, historical or even traditional, the conversation between Bourdaloue and her hero Du Moudon, in which the priest of course gets much the worst of it by a weakness of argument which the eloquent and learned original would be horrified to find attributed to him; nor are we acquainted with the historical evidence for the affecting love of Mary of Orange for her unhappy father, which, wonderfully well as she concealed it from the world both in her words and deeds, she yet (in this tale) confesses, with an agony of tears, to a young lady who was exhibiting to her her own "filial magnanimity." Where can we find the record of this interesting event? Macaulay would have been only too glad to have given Mary's character a lift by its help, but we find no use made of it by that indefatigable explorer of out-of-the-way materials, and so it must have escaped *his* notice.

Was it, again, in the spirit, for it could not have been in the flesh, that our authoress witnessed the following scene, as assuredly the actor in it has left no record of any such weakness on his part? Bourdaloue leaves Du Moudon, after vainly attempting to convert him, and then we read:—

Shall we follow him into the sanctuary? Ay! and there hear him own to God and his conscience, that Du Moudon was an injured Christian man. Shall we follow him to his refectory? where, surrounded by monks and friars, he was obliged to denounce that same Du Moudon as a dangerous heretic, to be avoided and condemned, and given over to the secular arm for punishment. Such is Popery!

The last italics belong to the authoress, and speak for themselves.

We fear we cannot give Mrs. Thompson credit for more mundane knowledge than most ladies of her stamp, when we find names, common and proper, so ingeniously misspelt. Thus we have D'Aguesseau for D'Aguesseau, Riswick for Ryswick, Daphnæ for Daphne, (imagine a lover being smitten with a young lady, because "he believed her to be an impersonification of Niobe and Daphne in one!") Eschylus for Æschylus, wean everywhere used for ween (a pardonable error, perhaps, for a lady who may have more to do with the former than the latter), rencounter for rencontre, conissance for cognisance, summing for summoning, aids-de-camp, malice propense, indulgentie criminus, campus lapidus, and the like. The following flowers of speech, too, are eccentric, to say the least of them:—"None more unravelable on ordinary principles," "the ideas are too little homogeneous," "the felon's sack of heterogeneous merchandize" (meaning food, &c., bought for the galley-slaves), "who I know to be so capable," "the horse of the king swamped," "nor was the figure of the child less striking in its

* *The Galley Slave and his Daughter*; a Tale, founded on French Protestant History. By Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Author of "Reformation in Dingle," "Notes on Scripture," &c. &c. Dublin: Madden and Oldham. 1858.

intellectual diminutiveness," "there are occult sympathies that at once are felt between individuals and physiognomies that attract these sympathies instantaneously." We have not space to give examples of cant and misapplication of Scripture—they are sown broadcast through the volume. We can only refer any one who may be tempted to look into the book to pages 116, 230, 335, 342, and 345, for striking proofs of our assertion.

Unfortunately for the chance of success this work would otherwise be sure to command, from the qualities already mentioned, with the peculiar circle among whom it will probably circulate, the plot is flimsy and tame, the characters feeble and *washy*, and the love-making of the very mildest description. The period in which the tale is laid is at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when Louis XIV. was putting in force every barbarity and oppression to compel the Huguenots to come into the Church of Rome. A certain Sieur Du Moudon, "with a magnificent person, and strength of character tempered with mildness and Christian piety," lives in an ancestral château in the *Department* (a slight anachronism) of Gex. The castle, besides other peculiarities, has a chapel with windows of an odd construction, "Iron bells crossed them gloomily, and the small leaden-framed *vitres* were black with age;" and "its walls are *tubercled with little pepper-box excrescences*." Being a Protestant, he declines to go to Court, and stays at home, providing an *able* minister for his people, "Sabbath by Sabbath," (why not Sunday?), and once a month lecturing on agriculture, mechanics, and manufactures to the good people of Gex and its neighbourhood. Madame his wife, with two charming daughters, superintends a hospital and laboratory, "an enchanted chamber, where the shining ranges of jars and syphons display the order and purity of her mind." There are also two sons—one, François, aged twenty, who has just taken his degree in the University of Saumur (*we* should spell it *Saumur*, but we have already noticed this peculiarity of the authoress); the other, Clair, aged twelve. A splendid bunch of grapes grown by the elder—a veritable "*Eschol*," as the good Du Moudon terms it—is sent to the King as a proof of the peaceful temper of his Huguenot subject. It makes its appearance at one of Madame De Maintenon's "*petit soupers*" (the French is not our own), but is an unfortunate present, as it directs the royal attention to the family, and it gives rise to the following dialogue—how true to the character of the interlocutors we leave the reader to judge:—

"I have lately spoken of the family to your Majesty." There was a certain meditative expression in her eye; and with a degree of hesitation that piqued curiosity, she murmured, "I have sought the conversion of younger members of the same family."

"Your zeal, madam, is an example to us all," rejoined the king.

"The zeal of one who is a convert is always warmest, sire."

"True! The means of your conversion, my friend, I have long desired to know. That the grand-daughter of so stern an adherent to heresy as was Agrippa d'Aubigné has become so convinced a proselyte is worthy of record; favour me, I pray you, with the relation; no theme could more worthily employ the dulcet tones I love to hear;" and the enamoured monarch inclined courteously towards the lady.

"The conversion of a girl of fourteen, sire, is not a matter worthy of note; your Majesty must not suppose many young persons are endowed with the precocious intellect and steadfastness of will that marked the royal mind, and made the fourteenth Louis not only the king, but the man of his age."

Louis bowed—smiled. "You escape me not thus," he said, playfully; "do favour me with the arguments that prevailed with a judgment as astute as De Maintenon's."

The conversation then turns on the means of converting the Du Moudon family; and the King shows his gratitude for the grapes and his interest in the heretics by sending a "*dragonade*," or troop of dragoons, to take up their abode in the castle, and bully the inmates into submission. The family take to flight, leaving the Du Moudon behind to cover their retreat, and follow at the first opportunity. Madame Du Moudon, however, dies in the wood where they had concealed themselves from pursuit, and François returns to the castle to tell his father; while the others, under the escort of an old servant, reach Geneva in safety. A Chevalier De St. Briant has followed them to the wood, and made a proposal to Elize (the elder daughter), but she rejects him because he is an infidel. In the mean time, the Du Moudon (as he is called) is arrested, and François being caught on his return, shares the same fate. We next have the trial and condemnation of Du Moudon, and the attempts to shake his faith by promises and threats. All these availing nothing, he is condemned to the galleys for life; a punishment which he bears with exemplary fortitude and piety, converting the ruffians around him, and even the chaplain of the ship. He dies in the most heavenly frame of mind, and in a perfect bewilderment of italics, asterisks, and capitals. [We may mention here, *en parenthèse*, that the authoress, in making her strong points, is extensively indebted to varied types.]

François effects a wonderful escape by the aid of St. Briant, and by letting himself down from an enormous height; and he makes the best of his way to Geneva, to join his brother and sisters. Finding the Genevans not able to protect them, they accept the offer of William of Orange, and come to England with him, the young ladies being appointed maids-of-honour to Mary, François having a commission given him by William. Before, however, he will accept it, he goes, disguised as a Jew, to Marseilles, to ask his father's leave, who is working there as a galley-slave. On his way he falls in with the Camisards and their captains, Roland and Cavalier, the latter of whom conducts him safely to and from his destination. Having obtained the

parental sanction, he makes a figure at the English Court, and is killed at the battle of the Boyne. Clair does not accompany his brother and sisters to England, but sticks by Henri Arnaud, the pastor-colonel of the Vaudois, and being taken prisoner by the French, is shot. Before these events, however, a Captain Mallet, attached to William's Court in Holland, has come to Geneva with an envoy from that Prince, and in the crowd who pressed round to welcome them, Clair gets too near the heels of the Captain's horse, the animal kicks, and breaks his leg. This of course leads to the Captain's calling the next day to inquire after him, and to his falling in love with Elize. The following description will introduce the heroine and her sister more graphically than we can:—

The figures that riveted his eye were those of Elize and Olivie. Elize, of Grecian mould, tall, pale, her dark hair braided across a brow of marble, of which the expression was sad, even to severity. She stood with her arm thrown around Olivie, a sylph-like creature, whose loose flowing ringlets, on which the beams of the setting sun at the moment rested, lighting and kindling the burnished tresses as they fell—shading a face of great regularity and sweetness. The voices were as dissimilar as the persons. Olivie's was juvenile, and trembled bird-like on the notes, while that of her sister, with steady fulness, rested and swelled upon each word, and seemed to gather from them the inspiration of faith. Olivie looked down; Elize looked up.

But Elize will have none of the Captain; and so, after many inward struggles, he transfers his affections to Olivie, whom, after a few love passages of the most milk-and-water kind, he espouses, and they live happily to the end of their days. We cannot resist giving a specimen of their mode of courtship:—

Mallet, who had looked unutterable things throughout the scene, drew Olivie towards him, and whispered in her ear, "Olivie, don't be angry; but I feel much relieved." At which little confession Olivie reddened, and catching Mallet by the ear, she said demurely, &c. &c.

Poor Elize, who is the Grecian Daughter over again, determines to go back to France, and watch over her father. She obtains permission from the King to return, provided she promises to live in a convent, and abstain from outward worship if she will not conform to Catholicism. This she agrees to; and the rest of her history is occupied with the way in which she ministers to her father and other victims of Louis's brutality—with the unsuccessful attempts of the nuns to shake her Protestant convictions—with the successful conversion of her old and constant lover, St. Briant (who has watched over Du Moudon as far as he could) from infidelity to Protestantism by a most Paleylike process of reasoning on the part of herself and father—and with their escape together to Geneva after her father's death, and her recovery from a brain-fever consequent thereon.

The personage described in the following extract is an important go-between in the meetings of Du Moudon and his daughter; and we conclude by quoting the passage, because it is the only one which makes the slightest attempt to lighten this dreary story by humour—probably our readers will say, after reading it, so much the better:—

The open frontage of the *Rez de Chaussée* was divided by two strong upright beams, forming a species of doorway, and supporting the second floor. The open spaces on either side were festooned with green garlands of spicy bay and flavouring laurel, interspersed with strings of red Bologna sausages, even then celebrated, and of which the dark colouring was relieved artistically with white balls of lard and pendent flasks of oil. Barrels of pitch formed columns, not unsightly, as posts for the entrance! This "*well-to-do*" emporium was owned and tended by a female of such gigantic proportions, both for height and rotundity, as commanded a sentiment not unlike awe. Erect above an enormous bust was a head of remarkable character. The tresses that of yore were raven-black, now thinned and grizzled, were, nevertheless, braided back with care, and put up with a high-backed comb, forming a coronet of coral and gold! Ear-rings, of several inches in length, of the same costly metal, depended from her ears, and fell prone on the mountain of flesh below, which, well cased and laced in sound material, was not unshapely in its hugeness.

The physiognomy was deprived of eyebrows, and deeply pitted with the small-pox, which had puckered up her face in sundry wondrous seams and scars. The nose was high, with a proud, open nostril. The mouth, a cavity that yawned perpetually with volcanic laughter, displayed four tusks of cyclopean magnitude; all the front teeth had been, by some untoward accident, broken out. Whosoever looked into the eye of Madame Annuncinta Sebastiano, saw she was hideous, but not malignant. The woman was a widow. No race, save the conquering Roman, could have begotten, nourished, or brought up such an one. She was, indeed, a Roman; by what fate carried to Marseilles, we know not. Whispers there were of smuggling, and more dangerous still—of "*heresy*;" but the woman lived unmolested, and was the mother of two handsome youths, who toiled in her establishment, meekly submissive to the maternal mandate, partly from fear, much more from genuine affection. Indeed such was Madame Annuncinta's character for honest dealing, ample quantity, and good quality, that had a hair of her head been attacked, a mutiny in Marseilles would have been the result.

LIVES OF THE PRIME MINISTERS.*

WE are suffering just now under a plethora of biographies. Not only are ponderous lives in numerous volumes published of individuals of the slightest note almost as soon as they are laid in the grave, but latterly, authors have taken to a sort of platoon firing in the same line of business. We have had *Lives of the Queens of England*, *Lives of the Queens before the Conquest*, *Lives of the Princesses Royal of England*, *Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia*, *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, *Lives of the Chief Justices*, *Lives of the Judges*, and *Lives of the Speakers of the House of Commons*; and we suppose that before

* *Lives of the Prime Ministers of England from the Restoration to the Present Time*. By J. Houston Browne, Esq., LL.B., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I. London: Newby. 1858.

long we shall have *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, to be followed by *Lives of the Archbishops of York*, and *Lives of the Bishops*—the last of which will bear the same relation to the biographies of the Primates as Mr. Foss's *Lives of the Judges* to Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors and Chief Justices*. We should have thought that the different series had been well-nigh exhausted, and the vein—first opened, we believe, by Miss Strickland—nearly worked out; but we were mistaken. There was, it seems, an *hiatus*—a gap in the biographical chain—and Mr. Houston Browne, LL.B., of the Inner Temple, has stepped in to fill it up with *Lives of the Prime Ministers of England*. This will no doubt give the thing a fresh start in a new direction, namely, the political; and we shall have by-and-by *Lives of the Chancellors of the Exchequer*, beginning with we know not whom, and ending with Disraeli; and so on, through the Secretaries of State down to the Whippers-in of the different Ministries and Oppositions. And when these works have been completed, we beg to suggest another fertile, and as yet unexplored, field of research, in *Lives of the Lord Mayors of London*, to which may be added biographical sketches of the corporation potentates of York and Dublin.

Seriously, however, there is a little too much of this. In most cases the idea is a mistake. If a man's life is worth writing or reading, it must be from something in his individual character or achievements—from what he has done or written or said—and not merely because he has happened to fill a particular office, or figures as a unit in respectable company. If it is made a mere peg upon which to hang history, there will be a double failure. The book will have no interest as a biography, and as history it will be meagre, sketchy, and imperfect. But there is another fatal objection to the plan of such a work as *Lives of the Prime Ministers*. The duration of a Premier's tenure of office has, with few exceptions—such as occurred in the cases of Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool—been very short, extending at the most to only a few years. But, of course, they have all been politicians, and before they became the head of their respective Administrations, have taken an active and a leading part in public affairs. It therefore necessarily follows that the lives of several of them must embrace the same periods of contemporary history; so that in their biographies either there must be a tedious repetition of the same tale, or, having been told once in the narrative of a particular life, it must be slurred over in the following lives, and a great part of what is necessary to be known in order to understand the career of individual statesmen must be omitted, and the reader must be referred back to some former life of the series, in order to avoid "damnable iteration."

We cannot congratulate Mr. Browne on the success of his undertaking. He seems to be an industrious transcriber, and he quotes unmercifully from second-hand authorities. We do not know within what limits he intends to confine himself, or rather, we should say, to how many volumes he intends his work to run. The first only has appeared, and it ends with the life of the Earl of Essex, who died in 1683, the series of biographies beginning with that of Clarendon. There are four lives in the volume, those of Clarendon, Clifford, Danby, and Essex, and at this rate we suppose the series may be completed in about a dozen closely-printed volumes, probably more, but certainly not less, considering how materials accumulate as more recent periods are approached. This really is enough to awaken alarm in the mind of a reviewer, and will, we fear, exhaust the patience of the public. Nor can we understand what good end Mr. Browne proposes to himself by the labour. We doubt whether he has brought to light a single new fact in the history of the lives or times over which his first volume extends—nor does he seem to have taken the pains to try to do so. We will give an illustration of this assertion. The death of Essex, who was found with his throat cut in the Tower, happened under circumstances which make it doubtful whether he was murdered or committed suicide. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide; but there are grave reasons for suspecting that he was assassinated with the privy, if not by the connivance, of James II., then Duke of York. An important link in the chain of evidence would be to ascertain whether Essex's French servant, Beaumais, or as he was called, Bommeney, who first gave the alarm, and upon whom suspicion fell, did or did not receive a pension from the Treasury. In his "Life of William, Lord Russell," Lord John Russell says that he had been assured by the late Earl of Essex that Lord Onslow, then a Lord of the Treasury, told him, when he was a boy, that he had seen the entry of a grant of money to Bommeney, in the books of the Treasury; and in the margin of a copy of Essex's letters published in 1770, there is a note in the handwriting of the Countess of Essex of that day, which says:—"Bommeney had a pension from the Treasury, by the King's order, till the day of his death, as Mr. Grenville told us appeared upon the Treasury books." Now, here was just the opportunity for a careful biographer to make a vigorous attempt to clear up the mystery, or, at all events, determine for himself whether it was capable of being cleared up by existing evidence. Mr. Browne, however, contents himself with saying, "Lord John Russell endeavoured in vain to get at the truth of this, but found the Treasury records too confused to enable him to decide." We should have thought that a barrister and an LL.B. need not have been frightened, by the confused state of records, from making, at all events, a search for himself, and seeing whether he could not discover

something, even if it had escaped the research of Lord John Russell. But it turns out that no search was ever made by Lord John Russell himself, and that there is no pretence for the assertion that he "found the Treasury records too confused to enable him to decide." What Lord John Russell tells us is very different. He says: "A search was made at my request, but without success, into some of the Treasury books; there are others, however, in such confusion, that it would be very difficult to examine them." So that it appears that some of the Treasury books, which may contain the entry in question, have not been examined at all; and Mr. Browne has not only not taken that trouble himself, but has converted Lord John Russell's hearsay report of the difficulty of an examination of the records into an assertion that he had examined them, and found them so confused as to be unable to come to any decision at all. We really submit that this is not the way in which either biography or history should be dealt with; and that scissors and paste are poor substitutes for a conscientious scrutiny of original authorities.

We have also a strong objection to making what purports to be a history of past times the vehicle of satirical, or attempts at satirical, attacks upon the present. Mr. Browne seems to think this an effective mode of conveying his own opinion upon what he considers wrong in the body politic at present. He dislikes the Game Laws, and shows his dislike in the following fashion *apropos* of the life of Archbishop Lanfranc:—

Unfortunately, it is still necessary to mention that the following account of the chronicler refers not to the present day, but to the eleventh century:—"In his time had men much distress. He took money by right and unright. He made many deer parks, and established laws by which whosoever slew a hart or a hind was deprived of his eyesight. He forbade men to kill harts or boars, and he loved the tall deer as if he were their father. He decreed that hares should go free. Rich men bemoaned it, and poor men shuddered at it. But he was so stern that he recked not the hatred of them all!"

And so Mr. Browne thinks that, were it not for his explanation to the contrary, this description of William the Conqueror putting out men's eyes for killing a hart or a hind, might be mistaken for the picture of a country squire at the present day prosecuting poachers for trespassing on his manor in search of game. Again, speaking of the Bill brought forward in the reign of Charles II. to prevent the importation into England of Irish cattle and provisions, he says:—

The landed proprietors were at least candid in their propositions. Unlike their successors of the present day, they did not profess that their sole object was to keep the labourers from the workhouse, and the farmers from the Bankrupt Court. They candidly told the truth, that the question was a question of rent; and they refrained from laying the measure at the door of the farmers and the peasantry in the manner that late *y* provoked the sarcasm of the eloquent lawyer:—

Sic vos non vobis feris aratra boves!

We are told in a note that this eloquent lawyer was Sir A. E. Cockburn, Q.C., her Majesty's Attorney-General in the House of Commons; but we are very sure that the present accomplished Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas would disown the quotation. The line he did quote occurs in his speech on the affairs of Greece—the Pacifico business—in 1850, and was applied by him not to any business of landlords and tenants, as Mr. Browne supposes, but to the case of Protectionists voting to turn out the Whig Ministry, the effect of which would be to bring back Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham into power. We might charitably suppose that *feris* is a misprint for *fertis*—for the book is full of typographical blunders—were it not for some other strange mistakes made by Mr. Browne, when he takes to quotation, trusting to his memory. Thus we have Horace's line—

Et demtus per vim mentis gratisimus error

presented to us in the impossible form of

Amabilis insaniam et mentis gratisimus error.

And Dryden's description of Shaftesbury in his *Absalom and Achitophel*—

*A fiery soul which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay—*

is metamorphosed into

*That fiery soul, is working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body into clay.*

And the well-known lines in the *Elegant Extracts*:—

*Treason does never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason,*

are given as "wittily rendered in the epigram of Moore!" thus:—

*Treason is no'er successful. What's the reason?
Because, when 'tis successful, 'tis not treason!*

However, enough of this. Let us look at graver matters. The book begins with a Preliminary Memoir and Rise of the Constitution, comprising the interval from the Norman Conquest to the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the whole of this period is contained in forty pages. It really is the most meagre and unsatisfactory compendium we ever read. Mr. Browne says, indeed, in his preface, "For the 'Preliminary Memoir' I have only to offer an absolute apology." But we venture to suggest to him that what requires an "absolute apology" had better not be written, or at all events ought not to be published.

To show the kind of information it contains, we will quote the following passage:—

The earlier history of Henry the Second's reign is little more than a record of the quarrel with A'Becket, a profitless study in the annals of English History; inasmuch as it was followed by no permanent results, not even by that renewal of the Conqueror's policy as to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the attempting of which first provoked the outfall.

We really should have thought that the great contest between the secular and ecclesiastical power, of which one of the results was the Constitutions of Clarendon, was very far from being a "profitless study;" and we believe that most students of English history are of opinion that permanent results did follow from Henry's resistance to Becket—namely, a settled course of steady opposition by the English law to the encroachments of churchmen and canonists. The rise of the House of Commons is thus summarily disposed of:—

The history of Edward I. has little more to do with the progress of the constitution than the fact that he wisely adopted the plan of de Montfort in calling a lower grade than the Barons to Parliaments, and if we consider the state of learning at the period, we shall probably be ready to conclude that representation and intelligence were not in a very inadequate ratio.

And we are told that "the exact mode in which our Parliament came to take its present form is a study more curious than profitable." We may therefore console ourselves for the fact that Mr. Browne makes no attempt to solve the problem. As a fair specimen of the style of the book, we quote the following:—

The advance of Louis upon the Low Countries will be for ever memorable as calling forth the great military genius of William III., and exciting an unreasoning population to shed the blood of "the wisest, best, and most truly patriotic minister that ever appeared upon the public stage"—the incomparable De Witt—a murder of at least the indirect instigation of which no candid historian can acquit the Prince of Orange. Doubtless the great Republican who shared the fate of Cato would have resisted to the death the re-domination of the House of Orange; and the splendour of William's chivalrous achievements have silenced the criticisms of posterity. We have not yet arrived at the time when the virtues that consolidate a nation will be permitted to compare with the courage that conquers in the field.

From the words we have marked in italics, it appears to be Mr. Browne's opinion, that Cato, like De Witt, fell a victim to popular violence, and that his blood was shed by "the unreasoning population" of Utica, and not by his own hand, according to the received story. If not, where is the propriety of saying that the Pensionary shared the fate of Cato?

It is difficult to say with what statesman the Lives of the Prime Ministers ought to begin. Mr. Browne throws off with Clarendon, but we cannot understand why. Lord Clarendon never was Prime Minister. He was made Chancellor of the Exchequer during the Civil War, and after the Restoration he was Lord Chancellor in a Ministry in which Lord Southampton was Lord High Treasurer. Mr. Browne says that historians have properly recorded the period from the Restoration to his disgrace as the administration of Clarendon; but if the criterion of admission in the list of English Prime Ministers is great ability and predominant influence in the councils of the Sovereign, we think that biographies of Wolsey and Burleigh ought not to have been omitted. Lord Macaulay says (*History of England*, vol. iii. pp. 13, 14), that what is now called a Ministry was never known in England till William III. had been some years on the throne:—"Under the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, there had been Ministers, but there had been no Ministry. The Ministers of the Crown were not, as now, bound in frank-pledge for each other. Often they were politically and personally hostile to each other, and made no secret of their hostility. Clarendon tells us that nothing was so hateful to the Englishman of his time as a Prime Minister. They would rather be subject to an usurper like Cromwell, than to a legitimate King who referred them to a Grand Vizier." The first germ of such a division of offices as is found in a modern Ministry, seems to occur in a notice published in the *London Gazette*, Feb. 16, 1664, quoted by Mr. Browne, by which Charles II. declared that he had "taken into his princely consideration the way and methods of managing matters at the Council-board," and appointed several standing Committees of the Council:—

First.—A Committee for Foreign Affairs, to which is also to be referred the corresponding with the Justices of the Peace, and other his Majesty's Officers and Ministers in the several counties concerning the affairs of the kingdom, &c. To meet always on Mondays.

Secondly.—A Committee for such matters as concern the Admiralty and Navy, as also all Military affairs, Fortifications, &c., so far as they are fit to be brought to the Council Board without intermeddling in what concerns the proper officers, unless it shall be by them so desired. To meet on Wednesdays. N.B.—The Duke of York did the same day preside at the Committee.

Thirdly.—A Committee for the Business of Trade, under whose consideration is to fall whatever concerns the Foreign Plantations, as also what relates to the Kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, with the Isles of Guernsey and Jersey. To sit on Thursdays.

Fourthly.—A Committee to whom are to be referred all petitions of complaints and grievances, to whom his Majesty hath thought fit particularly to prescribe that they meddle not with property, or what relates to *numm* and *sum*; to which Committee his Majesty is pleased that all matters which concern Acts of State or of Council be referred. To sit on Fridays.

The Earl of Danby, afterwards created Duke of Leeds, and three times impeached, seems to have been the first who deserves the title of Prime Minister, in the present acceptation of the term—and we think that it would have been well if Mr. Browne had begun with it—in which case the reader would have been spared a long and tedious life of the Earl of Clarendon, occupying a hundred pages; and he might have contented himself with

quite as good a biography, in what Mr. Browne calls "our distinguished Chief Justice's very learned and delightful book on the 'Chancellors.'"

In conclusion, we really must say, that unless Mr. Browne will take a great deal more care, and bestow a great deal more research, in his forthcoming volumes, he had much better abandon his undertaking. If we are to have a series of the lives of distinguished statesmen, we have, at least, a right to expect that original authorities should be consulted, that archives should be ransacked, and that the author should not content himself with copying largely, and appropriating unscrupulously the labours of his predecessors.

GEOLOGY OF LONDON.*

WE have often deplored the want of some "Handy Book" which might assist the geological tyro in his rambles round London. The void, which has existed too long, has recently been filled, to a certain extent, by the publication of three lectures delivered by Mr. Prestwich, at the Clapham Athenæum. These were not originally written with a view to publication, but their author has now revised them for the press, by the desire of the council of the institution where they were originally read, and has added explanatory notes as well as references, which will be very useful to those who may wish to pursue the subject. The book is small, extending only to about 80 pages, and is furnished with suitable maps and diagrams. Some parts, especially of the first lecture, will interest even those who are familiar with the recent speculations of geologists.

Mr. Prestwich, after some preliminary observations upon Geology in general, proceeds to describe the strata in the neighbourhood of London. Immediately below the vegetable soil, in many parts of the metropolis, we find a bed of ochreous coloured gravel, which is the great source of water-supply to all the historic pumps of the City and of Westminster. This gravel must, it would appear, be referred to various ages; but, Mr. Prestwich prefers, for the sake of simplicity, to treat of it as a single mass. Three important questions may be asked concerning it. Whence did it come? How did it come? When did it come? The first of these, Mr. Prestwich answers by proving very clearly that the greater part of the gravel was brought from the hills of Surrey and Sussex, which have sent to us alike the flints, the sandstone and the chert, which compose the bulk of it. A few pebbles formed of quartz, slate and other substances, have evidently been brought from the North-west, by forces acting in a direction diametrically opposite to those which wore down the chalk of Southern England, and deposited its flints in the London Basin. To the second query, Mr. Prestwich replies by several hypotheses. 1. A great body of water may have swept from the Southward into the valley of the Thames. 2. A large river flowing through Sussex and Surrey may have brought down fragments of the rocks over which it passed. 3. Marine currents may have scattered the gravel over the surface of the country. 4. Ice may have brought its vast, and as yet, perhaps, imperfectly understood power to aid in the production of the phenomena around us. To all these theories there are objections, but we may provisionally accept them all, and allow that the force to which each would assign a too exclusive pre-eminence may have done its part in heaping up that mighty gravel-bed which is so important to the health of the "world-city on the banks of Thames." Before Mr. Prestwich could answer the last question, he had to examine both the position of the gravel in the geological series, and the organic remains which are found in various parts of it. In this latter investigation he has to draw largely upon Professor Owen's *British Fossil Mammals and Birds*, many of the facts in which are already familiar to our readers. On the whole, he concludes that the gravel was spread over Clapham-common before the land in the neighbourhood of London had quite assumed its present configuration.

The second lecture is devoted to the London Clay, which immediately underlies the gravel of the metropolis at a depth generally of from three to twelve feet, although, of course, it is really separated from it by a vast interval of geological time, by part of the Eocene and by all the Miocene and Pliocene Periods. The London Clay is very homogeneous in its mass, and where fully developed it measures from 400 to 500 feet in thickness. In the middle of the Thames Valley a great portion of it has been swept away, and at Clapham it is only about 200 feet thick. After determining the position of the London Clay in the geological scale, Mr. Prestwich examines the organic remains of the formation from the microscopic Foraminifera up to Pachyderms allied to the Tapir of South America. The plants of Sheppey are also noticed. We know few excursions which will more richly repay the young geologist than a trip to Sheerness. The characteristic pyritized fruits and twigs of the London Clay may be found by tens of thousands upon the open beach.

In his third lecture, Mr. Prestwich proceeds in his *facilis decensus* and describes to us the "Lower London Tertiaries," a much less homogeneous deposit than the mass of clay which lies above it. It is divided into three sub-groups, the highest of which is known as the "Basement Bed" of the London Clay. This is a marine deposit, agreeing in mineralogical character with

* *The Ground beneath us: its Geological Phases and Changes.* By Joseph Prestwich, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. London: Van Voorst.

the strata which lie beneath it, but closely connected with the superincumbent mass by the character of its fossils. Next comes the "Woolwich and Reading Series," a group of fresh water and estuary origin. Still lower we have the "Thanet Sands," a small marine deposit.

Mr. Prestwich next examines the three sub-groups, mentioning the places where they may be best studied, and giving notices of their more remarkable fossils—entering into details which, although they contribute to make his book the excellent and useful manual which it is, must, we fear, have rather tried the patience of his hearers at the Clapham Athenæum. The "Thanet Sands," we may observe in passing, are economically of great importance as forming "underneath London and the adjacent districts a large water-bearing stratum—that which supplies all the early and many of the later artesian wells." Readers who wish for the best information on this very interesting subject, are referred to Mr. Prestwich's valuable, but of course not popular work, *Geological Inquiry respecting the Water-bearing Strata of the Country around London*. A large layer of chalk flints of a deep olive or bottle-green colour lies at the base of the "Thanet Sands," and separates them from the upper surface of the chalk which lies beyond the limit of Mr. Prestwich's subject. In another part of his third lecture, he departs a little from his somewhat rigid method of treating his subject, and indulges a very little in description—trying to set before us that wonderful period, comparatively so near to us, when, during the period of the "London Clay," under a sun such as now shines on Ternate and Tidore, tall palms and gigantic Lianes, and stiff-leaved evergreens were haunted by great troops of monkeys and by huge pachyderms. We wish to call attention also to some very interesting remarks which bear likewise upon the phenomena of the coal period, as to the impossibility of accounting for the hot climate of the Lower Eocene by a mere change in the relative position of land and water.

This little book makes small pretensions, but its author has done efficiently the work which he set before himself. We would suggest, in case of a second edition being called for, that the form might with advantage be made more suitable for the pocket, and that a list of geological excursions in the London district might, with great propriety, be added. We know many working men and other amateur geologists to whom this would be very useful.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815.*

Second Notice.

IN a former article we accompanied Colonel Charras in his narrative down to the close of the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras. The first stroke of the Emperor's desperate enterprise had been delivered, and if it had not absolutely failed, it had at least achieved no solid success. In order to understand the next act of the drama, let us examine the situation of the actors in that bloody scene when the curtain, on the night of the 16th, closed on the stage of war. Napoleon, with the main force of the French army, held the hardly won field of Ligny. The Prussians were in retreat, but in what direction their movements were directed—whether to establish their junction with Wellington or to fall back on their communications at Namur—could not yet be known either to the French or English commander. Some five or six miles off at Quatre Bras, Ney, though repulsed, still held his ground; and having been joined late in the evening by the corps of D'Erlon, to whose strange movements we have already adverted, he was not much inferior in force to the Duke of Wellington, whose troops were in bivouac before him.

The pieces being thus ranged on the board, there were two courses, according to Colonel Charras, which Napoleon might have pursued with advantage. Either he might have determined to devote his whole force to complete the destruction of Blücher's defeated army, or he might have detached a portion of his light cavalry, and two or three divisions of infantry, to watch their retreat and harass their rear, while bringing the whole of his force to bear on the English general, whom he had it now in his power to deal with single-handed:—

Dans le premier cas, surpris au moment où son armée était encore assez mal en ordre avec caissons et gibernes vides, Blücher n'aurait pas échappé à la destruction; dans le second il aurait subi des pertes sensibles; et Wellington, privé de son appui, aurait été accablé sous les efforts réunis de Ney et de Napoléon.

Englishmen will not be disposed quietly to acquiesce in Colonel Charras' certainty as to the result of the second alternative. It cannot, however, be disputed that the Duke of Wellington's position at Quatre Bras, on the night of the 16th, after the defeat and retirement of Blücher, was strategically one of considerable danger. He had at most 40,000 men collected in the field; Ney, in his front, was in command of at least an equal force; while Napoleon, with a crushing superiority of numbers, commanded his flank by a good road, which at the distance of a few miles led right into the heart of the English position. Whatever might have been the result of the day, it is clear that it was in the power of the Emperor to engage the English on the 17th, when the co-operation of the Prussians

would have been impossible, and before the whole of Wellington's troops could have been concentrated. But the actions of Napoleon were characterized at this critical moment of the campaign by the same physical languor and moral indecision which had already marred the execution of his well-conceived scheme of operations. On that eventful night he neither did anything nor determined on anything. Without taking measures to ascertain the route of the Prussians, or even inquiring how the day had gone with Ney at Quatre Bras, he went to bed at Fleurus, where he remained *indolent indécis* till after eight o'clock in the morning. No doubt this extraordinary and fatal inaction was due in a great degree to the physical sufferings under which he laboured. None were more astonished at the change than the lieutenants of the Great Captain of former days:—

"Le Napoléon que nous avons connu n'existe plus," disait rudement Vandamme à ses officiers; "notre succès d'hier va rester sans résultats." Vandamme était devenu frondeur. Mais Gérard, tout dévoué au chef, exprimait la même pensée en d'autres termes; "il déplorait d'incompréhensibles, d'irréversibles lenteurs."

At eight o'clock an order reached the French bivouacs, but it was not an order to march. While every hour which delayed the decisive action between the French and English armies was so much lost to the Emperor, and so much gained to the allies, Napoleon was about to amuse himself and his troops with an idle review. Incredible as it may appear, it was not till eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th that the Emperor was informed of the repulse of Ney at Quatre Bras; while Ney, at the same time, was equally ignorant of the result of the action at Ligny. The despatch which Napoleon sent to Ney between eight and nine o'clock that morning, contains the most authentic and indisputable record of the situation and conceptions of the Emperor at this critical moment:—

Le General Flahaut qui arrive à l'instant fait connaître que vous êtes dans l'incertitude sur les résultats de la journée d'hier. L'armée Prussienne a été mise en déroute; le General Pajol est à sa poursuite sur les routes de Namur et de Liège. L'Empereur se rend au moulin de Brye où passe la grande route de Namur aux Quatre Bras; il n'est donc pas possible que l'armée Anglaise puisse agir devant vous. Si cela était, l'Empereur marcherait directement sur elle par la route de Quatre Bras, tandis que vous l'attaqueriez de front avec vos divisions qui à présent doivent être réunies; et cette armée serait dans un instant détruite. Ainsi instruisez sa Majesté de la position exacte des divisions et de tout ce qui se passe devant vous.

It is impossible in reading this passage not to ask why the French Commander should be waiting for information at this hour, which he might and ought to have possessed before he closed his eyes that night, and why this movement, which was to destroy the English army in an instant, had not been actually executed before the hour at which Napoleon had but just awoken and begun to talk about it. The despatch proceeds:—

L'intention de sa Majesté est que vous preniez position aux Quatre Bras ainsi que l'ordre vous a été donné; mais si par impossible cela ne peut avoir lieu rendez en compte sur le champ avec détail; et l'Empereur s'y postera ainsi que je vous l'ai dit; si au contraire il n'y a qu'une arrière garde, attaquez la et prenez position.

Thus, though Napoleon knew that Ney had been repulsed on the previous day, he was not informed whether the Marshal had before him any more than an "arrière garde." And yet nothing but the inaction and apathy of the Emperor could have prevented him from arriving with the whole force of the French army on the field of Quatre Bras long before his letter was placed in the hands of Ney, and from acting at the same moment that he ascertained the state of affairs. If it was desirable, "de prendre position aux Quatre Bras," the Emperor might have accomplished it in less time than he took to discuss it. At nine o'clock Napoleon left Fleurus in his carriage—he mounted his horse at Ligny, and reviewed his troops. About eleven o'clock we learn, on the authority of General Gourgaud—

Napoléon mit pied à terre et causa longuement avec le Général Gérard et le Maréchal Grouchy de l'état de l'opinion à Paris, du Corps Législatif, des Jacobins, et de divers autres objets tout à fait étrangers à ceux qui semblaient devoir l'occuper exclusivement dans un pareil moment.

This singular conversation was broken off by the return of a portion of the cavalry which he had sent so tardily to reconnoitre in the direction of Quatre Bras. Napoleon learnt that the English were still in position in front of Ney:—"L'esprit hésitant de Napoléon fut fixé, sa résolution prise. Mais comme la veille il avait perdu la moitié de la journée dans l'inaction." It was at this moment that the Emperor despatched his further instructions to Ney:—

L'Empereur vient de faire prendre position en avant de Marbais à un corps d'infanterie et à la Garde Impériale. Sa Majesté me charge de vous dire que son intention est que vous attaquiez les ennemis aux Quatre Bras pour les chasser de leur position; et que le corps qui est à Marbais secondera vos opérations. Sa Majesté va se rendre à Marbais et elle attend vos rapports avec impatience.

The day was half gone, yet the assistance which the Emperor promises to Ney is still in the future tense. The most singular feature in the whole of this inexplicable conduct is the manner in which, while Napoleon insists on Ney performing an impossible operation, he persists in delaying the advance which could at any moment have assured its execution.

The Duke of Wellington was far from exhibiting the languor and apathy which characterized the conduct of his great antagonist. Colonel Charras, however, repeats the accredited account that it was not till the morning

* Histoire de la Campagne de 1815. Waterloo. Par le Lieutenant-Colonel Charras. London: Jeffs.

of the 17th that the English general learnt the defeat and retirement of the Prussians. The late Lord Ellesmere, in an article in the *Quarterly Review* (which has just been republished by Mr. Murray in a volume of collected essays), distinctly denies this story. The well known intimacy between the noble Reviewer and the Duke entitles his contradiction to the highest consideration. One point, however, by which Lord Ellesmere fortifies his authoritative statement we cannot but think very questionable. The assertion that the Duke of Wellington could and did see the retreat of the Prussians at Ligny on the night of the 16th from the field at Quatre Bras, seems to us wholly incredible. In the first place, it was dusk before the Prussians even commenced their retreat; and secondly, we believe that it is impossible even in the broadest daylight that the movements of troops on the field of Ligny should be observed from the position of Quatre Bras. However that may be, about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, Colonel Gordon, who had been detached to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry in the direction of the Prussian army, and Lieutenant Massow, who had been sent by Blücher to the Duke of Wellington, both brought him word nearly at the same moment, that the Prussians had retreated on Wavre; and the aide-de-camp of Blücher assured the Duke of his master's intention, in spite of his defeat, to effect a junction with the English army. The Duke immediately communicated to the Prussian General his intention to accept a battle on the field of Waterloo. The retirement of the English forces on this point commenced at ten o'clock. The movement was executed with great skill and success, the English cavalry under Lord Uxbridge keeping the French Marshal in check. But it was two o'clock before Napoleon arrived in his carriage on the ground. It was half-past six before the advanced columns of the French deployed on the ground of the Belle Alliance. The corps of D'Erlon and Lobau did not arrive till eight. "Il aurait fallu deux heures de jour de plus pour pouvoir l'attaquer," a dit Napoléon. Deux heures! il en avait perdu huit la matin."

We have followed the English army to the field where the fortunes of the French Emperor were to be decided. Twenty-four hours had been lost by the General whom the utmost rapidity could alone save as it had so often saved him before. This extraordinary waste of time had redounded entirely to the advantage of the allies. The junction of the English and Prussians was difficult indeed—so difficult that Napoleon seems not to have calculated on its possibility—but, as the event proved, it was no longer impossible. We must now trace the course of that wonderful march by which the Prussian general retrieved the disaster of Ligny, and re-established on another point that combination which the strategy of Napoleon had already once defeated. We have hardly done sufficient justice in this country to that marvellous feat of military skill and soldier-like daring by which, in the presence of a victorious force, Blücher effected his retreat at Wavre. Colonel Charras awards a well deserved praise to this magnificent achievement:—

La réponse était digne de lui. "J'irai vous rejoindre non seulement avec deux corps mais avec mon armée tout entière; et si l'ennemi ne vous attaque pas le 18 nous l'attaquerons ensemble le 19." Quelle confiance après une défaite! quelle énergie dans un vieillard presque septuagénaire encore souffrant, tout meurtri d'un accident qui avait failli lui coûter la vie. C'est par ces efforts extrêmes d'activité, ces audaces de résolution, qu'on ramène la victoire sous les drapeaux qu'elle a désertés.

What made the audacity of this movement the more astonishing, was the fact that Blücher, in marching upon Wavre, was actually leaving his communications and his stores behind him at Namur; and when he started on the night of the 16th, his troops were absolutely without either provisions or ammunition. Fortune, which proverbially favours the brave, stood by old "Marshal Forwards" on this occasion. Nevertheless, but for the marvellous negligence and apathy of Napoleon, this extraordinary operation could never have been achieved. We have already remarked that the French commander should either have despatched a sufficient force to deal with and destroy the discomfited Prussians, or not have weakened his attack on the English by detaching a portion of his troops sufficient to weaken his own force, and yet inadequate to overpower Blücher. The army placed at the disposal of Grouchy was in one point of view too small, in the other it was too large. But the delay with which this ill-conceived operation was commenced was still more inexplicable, and its results still more fatal to the fortunes of Napoleon. It was afternoon on the 17th before Grouchy received his orders to pursue the Prussians—or, more correctly, to look for them. Incredible as it may appear, Napoleon had taken no measures even to ascertain the direction of Blücher's retreat. The great Emperor, with his accustomed meanness, has endeavoured to cast all the blame of his own negligence on Grouchy, and French historians have gladly accepted this pretext to cover the incredible blunders of their hero. But the documents set forth by Colonel Charras establish the truth with a damning certainty. These are the instructions which Grouchy received from Bertrand in the name of the Emperor:—

Vous vous ferez éclairer sur la direction de Namur et de Maestricht, et vous poursuivrez l'ennemi. Éclairer sa marche et instruire moi de ses manœuvres de manière que je puisse pénétrer ce qu'il veut faire. Notre communication sera directe par la route pavée de Namur. Si l'ennemi a évacué Namur, écrivez au général commandant la Seconde Division militaire à Charlemont de faire occuper cette place par quelques bataillons de Garde Nationale et quelques batteries de canon.

He adds, it is true:—"Il est important de pénétrer ce que l'ennemi veut faire; ou il se sépare des Anglais, ou ils veulent se réunir encore pour couvrir Bruxelles et Liège en tentant le sort d'une nouvelle bataille." But while the Emperor was speculating on the direction which Blücher might have taken, the Prussian army was already more than half-way on its road to Wavre. It was in vain that Napoleon enjoined Grouchy—"Mettez-vous à la poursuite des Prussiens; complétez leur défaite en les attaquant dès que vous les aurez joints et ne les perdez jamais de vue." On which Colonel Charras passes this severe but indisputable criticism:—

Elle était bien difficile. Il devait "ne pas perdre de vue les Prussiens," et depuis quatorze heures ils étaient en retraite. Il devait avec trente trois mille hommes et 95 bouches à feu "les joindre, les attaquer, et complétez leur défaite," et cette force était presque exactement balancée par un seul des quatre corps de l'armée ennemie, le corps de Bülow qui n'avait pas combattu à Ligny et devait être bien près de rallier Blücher s'il ne l'avait déjà rejoint.

Grouchy, it appears, saw all the difficulties of the task imposed upon him by one who never chose to perceive the impossibility of that which he desired:—

Il fit observer à Napoléon, "que les Prussiens avaient commencé leur retraite la veille à dix heures du soir; qu'il s'écoulerait beaucoup de temps avant que les troupes qui étaient fort disséminées dans la plaine, qui avaient démonté leur armée pour les nettoyer et ne s'attendaient plus à marcher ce jour là, pussent être mises en mouvement—que si les rapports de la cavalerie ne donnaient encore rien de bien précis sur la direction suivie par la masse de l'armée Prussienne, cependant il paraissait que c'était sur Namur que s'opérerait la retraite de Blücher; qu'ainsi en le poursuivant il allait se trouver isolé de lui (Napoléon) et hors du cercle de ses opérations. Ces observations furent mal accueillies. Grouchy conjura alors l'empereur de l'autoriser à le suivre. Mais sa prière ne fut pas écoutée. L'empereur répéta son ordre, ajoutant que c'était au maréchal à découvrir la route prise par Blücher. Le maréchal n'eut donc plus qu'à obéir."

Accordingly, Grouchy started late in the afternoon on a chase of which Napoleon himself had given him a false scent. The Prussian General had commenced his retreat fifteen hours before; yet the much vaunted French Staff had not yet discovered the track of an army of 90,000 men which they had just engaged and defeated. At ten o'clock on the night of the 17th, Grouchy sent to the Emperor a despatch, which will be found at p. 222 of Colonel Charras's work, in which he expresses his belief that "le centre qui est l'armée de Blücher se retire sur Liège." At this moment Blücher, with 90,000 men and 280 pieces of cannon, had established himself at Wavre, and his junction with the Duke of Wellington was certain. Well may Colonel Charras exclaim: "Jamais peut-être armée battue n'avait trouvé le lendemain de sa défaite pareilles facilités pour se retirer, reprendre haleine, et se préparer à de nouveaux combats."

Thus ended the eventful day of the 17th, which, in fact, by anticipation, decided the fortune of the campaign. The situation is well summed up by our author:—

La journée du 17 Juin était tout à l'avantage de l'ennemi. Blücher avait concentré toute son armée sur Wavre sans coup férir, et lui avait donné un repos bien utile pour se reconnaître, rallier ses trainards, serrer ses rangs reconstituer ses cadres brisés par le feu, et réparer ses munitions.

Wellington, après un engagement insignifiant de cavalerie, avait gagné avec la plus grande partie de ses forces (il n'avait dépendu que de lui de les avoir toutes) une position étudiée choisie par avance; et se trouvait à hauteur de l'armée Prussienne séparé d'elle par une distance de trois lieues en ligne droite, que Blücher lui promettait en toute assurance de franchir à temps malgré la difficulté des chemins.

La veille, il est vrai, les deux généraux étaient un peu plus près l'un de l'autre et communiquaient par une belle chassée. Mais alors aussi Ney était très rapproché de Napoléon, et de plus celui-ci avait les Prussiens, celui-là les Anglo-Hollandais immédiatement en face.

Maintenant au contraire l'armée Française était divisée en deux masses éloignées l'une de l'autre de plus de cinq lieues en ligne droite; et Grouchy ignorait jusqu'à la direction prise par Blücher qui se trouvait déjà à une marche de lui.

Le succès de Ligny, loin d'avoir été aggrandi, complété, se trouvait amoindri. C'était la conséquence des irresolutions, des lenteurs de Napoléon.

If we have pursued with a careful, and what may seem a tedious minuteness, the details of these operations, it is because the events of the 17th are really the key to the campaign. It is not always—perhaps seldom—the day of battle in which the victory is really won. Waterloo was fought on the 18th, but Napoleon was strategically defeated the day before. The student of the art of war must fix his attention not on the dramatic incidents of the actual combat, but on those preparatory movements, that assure the preponderance of force, which, when the valour is equal, really determines the scales of victory. If our investigation of these operations seems long, we must offer the same excuse with which Colonel Charras concludes his eleventh chapter:—

Nous sommes entré dans des détails bien minutieux de temps, d'ordres, de mouvements; mais ils étaient indispensables pour rétablir la vérité sur la journée dont les fautes inconcevables devaient exercer une influence capitale sur la bataille que le lendemain decida du destin de la guerre de Napoléon et de la France.

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